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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1898.

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

COMMODORE WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, U.S.N., ON THE BRIDGE OF THE FLAG-SHIP "BROOKLYN."

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 28, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	CASPAR WHITNEY.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN R. SPEARS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	JOHN F. BASS.
	HAROLD MARTIN.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

THE daily newspapers assert that a large number of army biscuits are being made with the legend, "Remember the *Maine*." One of the unfortunate features of this war is that the loss of the *Maine*, and the general belief that it was the result of Spanish treachery, and that it was, in fact, a Spanish crime, created a public sentiment which eventually forced the country into war. The feeling that the sailors of the *Maine* had been murdered by the Spanish, added to the horror created by Spanish rule in Cuba, and by the terrible condition of the reconcentrados, was sufficient to turn the scale, and the war came. This fact takes away somewhat from the more general feeling that the war was necessary in the interests of humanity, but the legend on the biscuit has a good deal of truth in it, and the memory of the loss of the *Maine*, and of the deaths of her officers and sailors, is doing much to nerve and inspire the men who are fighting.

WE are glad to hear that the government has finally determined that news of its military and naval affairs shall not be given to Spain by way of the press. If the statements of operations that have thus far appeared in the newspapers are at all true, it is a wonder that a censorship of the cable and telegraph lines was not established long ago. Some of the newspapers seem to think it very curious that the movements of our own fleet are known in Spain, and they are inclined to criticise the government, and to contrast its frankness with the reticence of Spain, little dreaming, apparently, that it is not the government, but a babbling press which is the source of information to the Spanish authorities. Now, however, that the government proposes to put its hand upon the means for distributing news, we shall probably be spared the unpleasant spectacle of the shooting or hanging of Spanish spies who have been masquerading as newspaper reporters.

Two invasions by the army are contemplated, one of Cuba, and one of the Philippines. We trust that neither will be undertaken at a wrong season of the year, or without preparation. The army is not ready to invade Cuba. It has not even the necessary clothes for a campaign in the island. The Spaniards cannot be driven out of Cuba in a short time, and Havana cannot be taken except after a siege, and until BLANCO's supply of food is exhausted. Moreover, the army that we now have is not ready for any campaign whatever. Most of it is composed of raw recruits, whose officers are amateurs. They need a season's drilling. This will make the war longer, to be sure, but we entered upon it before we were ready, and we must pay the cost of getting ready after its declaration. We trust that General GRAHAM is right, and that no invasion of Cuba will take place before October. If the movement should be made before this, we are very much afraid that the country will lose more men by yellow fever and other diseases than by Spanish bullets. So far as the Philippines are concerned, General MERRITT is right in demanding a sufficient force of regulars as a core. Five thousand regulars are certainly few enough to take the islands, and if he has a force of less than thirty thousand, his complete success in governing the islands will be very doubtful.

WE trust that if the State of New York is to raise any more volunteers, it will take better care of them than it took of the men who have just gone to the front. The haste with which these volunteer regiments were raised is no excuse for the treatment which the men received at Camp Black and Camp Townsend. A decent cattle-raiser treats the beasts under his charge with more humanity than the State of New York showed for the soldiers that it was sending into the service of the country. The State left the soldiers without food, with insufficient shelter and medical attendance, and without proper clothing; and if the men had not been patriotic Americans they would have gone to meet the enemy in a very dangerously unpleasant frame of mind. The United States government did not treat them much better for a short time after they finally reached its service. One regiment, the Seventy-first, was quite twenty-four hours without food after leaving Camp Black and before finally starting on the way to Tampa, and in the mean time the men were bunked in cars that were more crowded than cattle-cars usually are, and they were forced to do hard labor notwithstanding their famished condition. It is a wonder that there were no desertions, and that the men got off in comparatively good health; but they will doubtless be happier in Tampa, where they will be cared for and nourished under the auspices of regular army officers.

IT is very clear that Congress will be obliged to authorize the issue of bonds, and that any attempt of the Democrats and Populists to prevent this action will fail. Certainly the House—no matter what the Senate may do—will not agree to the proposition to issue $150,000,000 of greenbacks. Stated in its fairest terms, this proposition is to compel the creditors of the government, who are to fight for it and sell their goods to it, to accept pay in non-interest-bearing notes, which will certainly, soon after their issue, be worth much less than their face value. It being evident that the House will not consent to this delusive scheme, and that it will not agree to the coining of the fancied seigniorage of silver now alleged to be in the Treasury, the longer the Democrats and Populists of the Senate wait before abandoning their effort to bring about the impossible, the more certain will be the defeat of their party at the coming election; and this defeat will be a lasting one. The Democratic party was so tarred with the reputation of disloyalty after the war of secession that it remained out of power in every branch of the government for nine years after the close of the war; and, in now opposing the prompt passage of a measure needed for the raising of the necessary funds for the prosecution of the war, it is inviting like contumely and defeat. Now that we are in a war, the people are in favor of finishing it, and of taking all the steps necessary to the speedy accomplishment of that end. Any man or any party that stands in the way is likely to be crushed.

WE trust that the House of Representatives will refuse to pass the joint resolution annexing Hawaii, at least at the present session. Nothing new in the way of argument in favor of annexation is advanced in the report of the Foreign Affairs Committee, and the fact remains, on the other hand, that public opinion prevented the Senate from ratifying the treaty of annexation, which is still pending, and if public opinion has accomplished that much in a body which, at the beginning of the session, was supposed to be strongly in favor of the treaty, it ought certainly to be still considered, and to be reckoned with before a circuitous method of securing annexation is attempted. The frank and honorable method for the annexationists to pursue is to adhere to the treaty which has been negotiated and favored by the administration, but which its friends in the Senate were afraid to bring to a vote because of the opposition developed by discussion, especially by discussion in the public press. To abandon the treaty and bring forward this resolution at a time when public attention is distracted by the war with Spain is not fair to an opposition which has shown so much strength in quieter times. The annexation of Hawaii is a distinct departure from our traditional policy, and if the departure is to be made, it should be at a time when the public mind is calm, and when its attention is not taken from the question involved in the important proposition that the United States shall embark in the business of possessing and governing colonies by a more engrossing subject. While the ratification of the treaty would require a two-thirds vote of the Senate, a resolution may be passed by a majority vote of the two Houses, and this is an additional reason why the resolution should not be urged at a time when the country is not inclined to think of anything but the war which is in progress. A decent sense of fair play ought to encourage the Speaker to stand by his convictions, and to prevent, if possible, the consummation of an enterprise which he believes will be harmful to the country, and which, at the very least, should not be accomplished through a snap judgment.

IT is pleasing to note a certain change of tone towards the United States in some French newspapers. Whether it is in response to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance, or in consequence of the resentment expressed by the people of the United States, is a matter perhaps of little importance. But the French have gone a little too far to retreat easily. We do not take into account the insolent vilification of their newspapers, because we know that most of the newspapers of Paris are venal and that they publish what is paid for. But we know also that a large part of the French people are pecuniarily interested in Spain, not only in Spanish bonds, but in Spanish mines and railroads and industries, and that their rage and insolence against the United States are caused by the fact that the war endangers their pecuniary interests. It is a fact, too, that their new politeness, as expressed by *Figaro*, is due to fear that the French bourgeoisie and Parisian hotel-keepers will lose money if the American resentment be lasting. Now, as a matter of fact, the people of this country have no reason to object to French sympathy with Spain, but they cannot endure with equanimity the kind of insolence that has been poured out upon them by the French press and by some of the French people. They will respect a difference of opinion even when it injures them, but they realize now that a very large part of the French friendship for America in the past has been dictated by the French pocket, and that traditional friendship has been worked for all that it is worth to the Parisian innkeeper and shopkeeper. The French have not only sided with Spain against the United States, but they have shown a virulent enmity towards us. They can still have our money, because they grow and make what we want to buy, but, for the time at least, they have lost our regard. In vilifying us on account of our war with Spain they have shown the hollowness of their republican professions, and they have revealed a disgusting sordidness which heretofore they have been able to conceal under a superficial appearance of friendship. This is our feeling towards France at present, but it is untrue, as the *Journal des Débats* has said, that it has been inspired by Great Britain. It has been created by the French themselves.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

AN alliance between Great Britain and the United States—that is, between all countries and peoples speaking the English language—is now fully within the contemplation of practical politicians. Whether a treaty will soon be negotiated is another matter. Politicians on both sides of the water are at least preparing their own minds and the minds of the people of England and America by considering and discussing the possibility of such an agreement. By the very act of doing so they have brought the people of the two countries nearer together, and in England a strong popular sentiment already exists in favor of a union. It would be difficult to fix the period at which this English sentiment of decided friendliness towards America began its present strong and gratifying manifestation, but, paradoxical as it may seem, we are inclined to credit the Venezuela incident with the awakening of that respect for us which is so obvious an element of the existing feeling of the British press and public towards Americans. At least there is no doubt that English public men and English society did not look upon Mr. OLNEY's despatches to Mr. BAYARD, and upon Mr. CLEVELAND's message, in the same way as they struck some of us in this country who did not agree with the President and his Secretary of State. Be this as it may, the fact that an international alliance is desired by Englishmen of all parties is now one of the foremost facts of international politics. If it had not been so before by reason of the frank confessions of English sympathy for us in our war with Spain, and by active and material aid afforded us by the government at a time when the Continental nations intended to prevent war by an unfriendly demonstration against us, it is now certain by reason of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's strong declaration in his Birmingham speech in favor of an Anglo-American alliance.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's words are an inspiration to every one who realizes the full significance of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States. It would be an alliance of the democratic peoples of the world, and that there may be speedy need of it, if the world is not to move backwards, is clear to all who are watching the course of the

nations of the Continent of Europe. For more than a hundred years the monarchy of Great Britain and the republic of the United States have stood for the lighter pressure of the law, the complete elision of the unrestrained power of any one man over any other, the larger liberty of the individual. The race has not only developed the man by leaving to him the gains of his genius, but it has opened the world to civilization. It has shed its light freely everywhere. It has illumined Asia and Africa and the Southern seas. It oppresses no one, but, on the contrary, it has abolished slavery by its own acts and by its influence and example. In spite of all that can be said of England's land-grabbing, it remains true that there is no land in which Englishmen have founded colonies that is not the better in every way for their coming. English institutions, English order, English law, English justice, English fair-play to the native and the foreigner, and English commerce have rendered English colonies the only successful of the attempts made by European governments to rule in distant countries and over alien people.

Great Britain has profited by the mistake so disastrous to her and so profitable to our fathers and to us, the mistake of what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN truly calls "a blundering British government." She has voluntarily left her colonists in Canada and in Africa and Australasia as free to rule their own affairs as are we of the United States by reason of the revolution which deprived her of her richest possession. The roots of the two nations go deep into a rich and historic past. It is from old Teutonic soil that we draw the instinct of self-government and our strong passion for individual liberty. With these innate possessions, which are apparently lost for the time by our German kinsmen, and which are incomprehensible to the men of the Latin race, Great Britain and the United States are playing much the same part in the world. There are differences and there have been discords between the two. Neither is an easy country to get on with. A strong individuality is likely to be both disagreeable and trustworthy. But despite the differences and discords, the systems of law in the two countries are the same, the same idea prevails as to the relations of the people to their government, the sympathies of both have been manifested in behalf of the oppressed and the down-trodden. Above all, here and in England exists the same worshipful respect for the rights of the man, and especially for his right to control himself and to play his own part so long as he does not injure his neighbor. In these two countries, among all others, do men love justice so dearly that the same law governs the ruler and the ruled. It is the justice known to these two peoples which England has been administering in Africa, in China, in Australasia, wherever her colonists have come in contact with the people of dying, or backward, or undeveloped races. Her rule in a foreign land, except in India, has not meant outside control of the native people and of comers from other countries, but self-government in the privileges of which all have been at liberty to participate. Under the system which she has established since she lost this country, England has wonderfully prospered, and in her prosperity we have seen the growth and expansion of the fundamental idea of government on which our own state is based. And we must feel, now that the appeal for a closer union is made to us, that the seed from which this growth and expansion have come, and without which it could not live, must be saved if we are ourselves to remain the masters that we have been and that we are.

The nations which are hostile to all this have joined for the purpose not only of limiting, but of crushing Great Britain. The governments of the Czar and of the Kaiser, of the Emperor of Austria and of the King of Italy, are against England and the English and American theory of government, and are endeavoring to destroy some of its richest fruitage, or at least to prevent the establishment of other governments based on it, by the laws and institutions of an old world, an old time, and of old theories of government that ought not to live, if England and America have not made a mistake in the establishment of democracy. The enemies of the rights of the individual are contemplating war on democracy, and while the animating spirit of this united hostility to England and this country is jealousy of the commercial prosperity of both, that cannot be checked or destroyed without assailing the political principle on which the American and English people have thrived. Moreover, the hostility of the young leaders of the union, who are survivals of a past, overgrown and weakened products of a day that has gone by, are moved by hatred and fear of free government by free people. Their enmity is directed in reality against the danger to them and their thrones foreseen in the expansion of English and American influences. But they will not attack our united race. They will not risk a conflict with all the forces at the command of the highest civilization of the century. On our part, we do not desire expansion. If we are wise, we will decline to enter into a movement which has planted European frontiers in every part of the globe. But if we make a preventive alliance with Great Britain, we join her in saying that Anglo-American institutions shall be defended by all who live under them wherever they are attacked; such an alliance will do a thousand times more for the peace of the world than all the guns and navies that the Kaiser and the Czar can heap upon one another. Certainly the drawing together of the kindred peoples is the happiest incident amid the present almost universal ominous growlings of war, and it is clearly time to consider seriously and sympathetically the proposal to take advantage of the opportunity, with the object of still more closely knitting together all the peoples whose tongue is English.

BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES, *May 13, 1898.*

ON the morning of May 12, at about 7.30, the first news of the bombardment of San Juan reached this port. The town read the terse despatch announcing that eight American war-ships were engaged in the conflict, and a tremor of suppressed excitement ran down Charlotte Amalie's main street, while men on foot and horseback hurried to hill-tops with a western outlook, hoping their glasses would show them the fray.

During the afternoon, steamers were announced thick and fast from the signal-pole at the harbor mouth, and the town crowded down to the wharves to watch the *St. Louis* come in and drop anchor, and immediately begin signalling to the *Yale*, that lay hove to some miles outside. When it was learned that the *St. Louis* had come from Guadeloupe and not from San Juan, interest changed from the handsome liner to the newspaper despatch-boats that came in, one after another, until nine o'clock saw all the hastily written messages filed at the cable office for transmission to New York. The port was awake until late; there had not been so much excitement abroad for many years. Unfamiliar correspondents crowded the cafés, the dark harbor was busy with small boats, and officers and sailors were ashore from the *St. Louis*.

The following account of the bombardment is taken from the recitals of naval officers who were there, and from the stories of New York newspaper correspondents.

At five o'clock the American vessels were in line-of-battle formation off the harbor of San Juan. The *Wompatuck* commenced operations by placing two buoys to mark ten fathoms of water, one in front of Cabras Island, the other in front of Morro Castle.

Our vessels were in the following order: *Iowa*—to which the admiral's flag had been transferred—*Indiana*, *New York*, *Amphitrite*, *Terror*, *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, and *Porter*. In this order the vessels proceeded from the western buoy, in front of Cabras Island, to the eastern one, in front of Morro Castle. *Iowa* and *Indiana* were the first of the American ships to open fire. The others followed, and fired in their order as stated, their shots being directed at the three shore forts—Carmelo, almost behind Cabras Island, Morro Castle, on the eastern side of the harbor mouth, and San Carlos, a battery still further to the east, on the same shore as Morro. There is no exact information as to what armaments protected the forts. It is probably true that Carmelo had old smooth-bore guns, that Morro had fourteen 8-inch modern rifles, that San Carlos also had old guns. The ships followed one another and poured broadsides into the forts, and the forts answered. After the line of march between the two buoys had been once traversed, the *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, and *Porter* were called off, leaving the other vessels to revolve in a smaller circle in front of Morro, working their starboard guns actively from the moment their position allowed them to train on the forts, until the swinging to port at the end of the circle brought them out of range.

The order to retire was received with much disappointment on board the *Montgomery*. The men were keyed and keen for the work, and welcomed with enthusiasm orders to silence Carmelo, which was done with little effort, as the fire from this fort was at no time severe.

The firing at the forts continued for about three hours, the *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *New York*, and *Amphitrite* doing the most of the work. At one time during the fight, however, the *Detroit* planted herself before Morro, and soon lost herself in the masses of rolling smoke from her own guns. Whenever the smoke cleared sufficiently to show the castle, her fire recommenced, again shrouding her in smoke. Anxiety was felt for her safety by the other vessels, for the fire of the forts was directed at her, and a chance Spanish shot might pierce her between wind and water. But she finally steamed into view, reeking, begrimed, and satisfied. The pounding of great guns was incessant, but above the indescribable din could be plainly heard the uproar of the *Indiana's* big 13-inch cannon. For three hours the game went on, and so wretched was the marksmanship of the Spaniards that not one American vessel was fairly hit. A shell exploded near the *New York*, wrecking one of her boats, killing the only man lost in the fight, and accounting for the greater number of the seven wounded. At one time, near the end of the engagement, *Montgomery*, *Detroit*, and *Terror* were in a bunch north of Morro. They were the Spaniards' target, and shot and shell were poured at them, falling on all sides, raising columns of water in front of and behind them, falling short or tearing between their masts, but no shot told.

The Spanish forts replied valiantly to the American fire in the beginning of the engagement, and while it would seem a fact that the two main forts were not silenced when the Americans withdrew, their fire was considerably weaker than at the commencement. There was a heavy ground-swell during the morning, causing the ships to roll and interfering with the accuracy of aim, and consequently some shots fell into the town.

After withdrawing, the American vessels steamed to the northeast, and then turned westward. At five o'clock in the evening the man killed on the *New York* was buried, as well as a stoker who had died during the engagement from the effects of heat. All the vessels half-masted their flags at this time, and the dead were given sea burial.

To-day the French man-of-war *Amiral Rigault de Genouilly* came into St. Thomas. This vessel had been in San Juan Harbor during the engagement, but as her crew had staid on board during the action, and the vessel left San Juan immediately after the fight, she brought little news of the condition of town or forts. From her it was learned, however, that the people of San Juan had fled to the country the moment the firing began. As to the number of dead in San Juan, there are at this writing no authentic reports. The men of the French war-ship all state that there were very few deaths, but that the number of wounded is very large. The rigging of the *Genouilly* was cut and damaged, but she herself was not injured. It is also stated that the English war-ship *Talbot* and the German *Geier* were in San Juan Harbor during the bombardment.

On the morning of the 13th the *Montgomery* came to St. Thomas, and after coaling, proceeded the same evening to join the American fleet, which is supposed to be on its way towards Key West.

HAROLD MARTIN.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Sunday, May 15.—In a despatch sent from Cavité day before yesterday, and from Hong-kong to-day, Admiral Dewey says:

Maintaining strict blockade. Reason to believe that the rebels are hemming in the city by land, but have made no demonstration. Scarcity of provisions in Manila. Probable that the Spanish Governor will be obliged to surrender soon. Can take Manila at any moment. Climate hot and moist. On May 12 captured gunboat *Callao* attempting to run blockade. Have plenty coal.

He adds that British, French, Japanese, and German vessels are present in Manila Bay, and are "observing."

Monday, May 16.—Señor Sagasta formally handed to the Queen-Regent the resignation of the ministry. He was charged with the formation of a new cabinet. Señor Moret, Minister for the Colonies, is reported to have said that any changes in the composition of the cabinet will favor a more active war policy, and that "the greatest reliance is placed upon Admiral Cervera's squadron, and upon the skill of the Spanish Admiral."

The blockaders off the southern coast of Cuba, as well as our two squadrons now proceeding towards that island (one from the east and the other from the north), have been informed about the course of Admiral Cervera's fleet.

In an interview at Cleveland, Senator Hanna says that it is costing the government $1,000,000 a day to prosecute the war, even at the present rate.

The story of the failure of the latest effort to send arms and ammunition to the Cubans makes bad reading in the daily papers, where it is found side by side with reports of starvation in the island, and the statement that "the reconcentrados are nearly all dead." There can be no certitude as to these matters at present. A prominent merchant of Havana asserts that the "farmers are raising foodstuffs whenever needed"; and, further, that the Spaniards in Cuba will never be brought to terms through lack of food.

The rate of growth of the volunteer army is interesting. Up to the present time seventy thousand volunteers have been mustered into the service of the United States government.

Tuesday, May 17.—In round numbers, eighty-two thousand volunteers have been mustered in.

General Merritt's representation that a substantial proportion of regular troops was required for the work in hand in the Philippines has been made the occasion for rumors to the effect that he had declined the position of military governor of the islands, except under certain difficult conditions. There is every reason to believe that General Merritt merely offered a suggestion, which will be favorably considered, and that a sufficient number of regulars will be placed at his disposal.

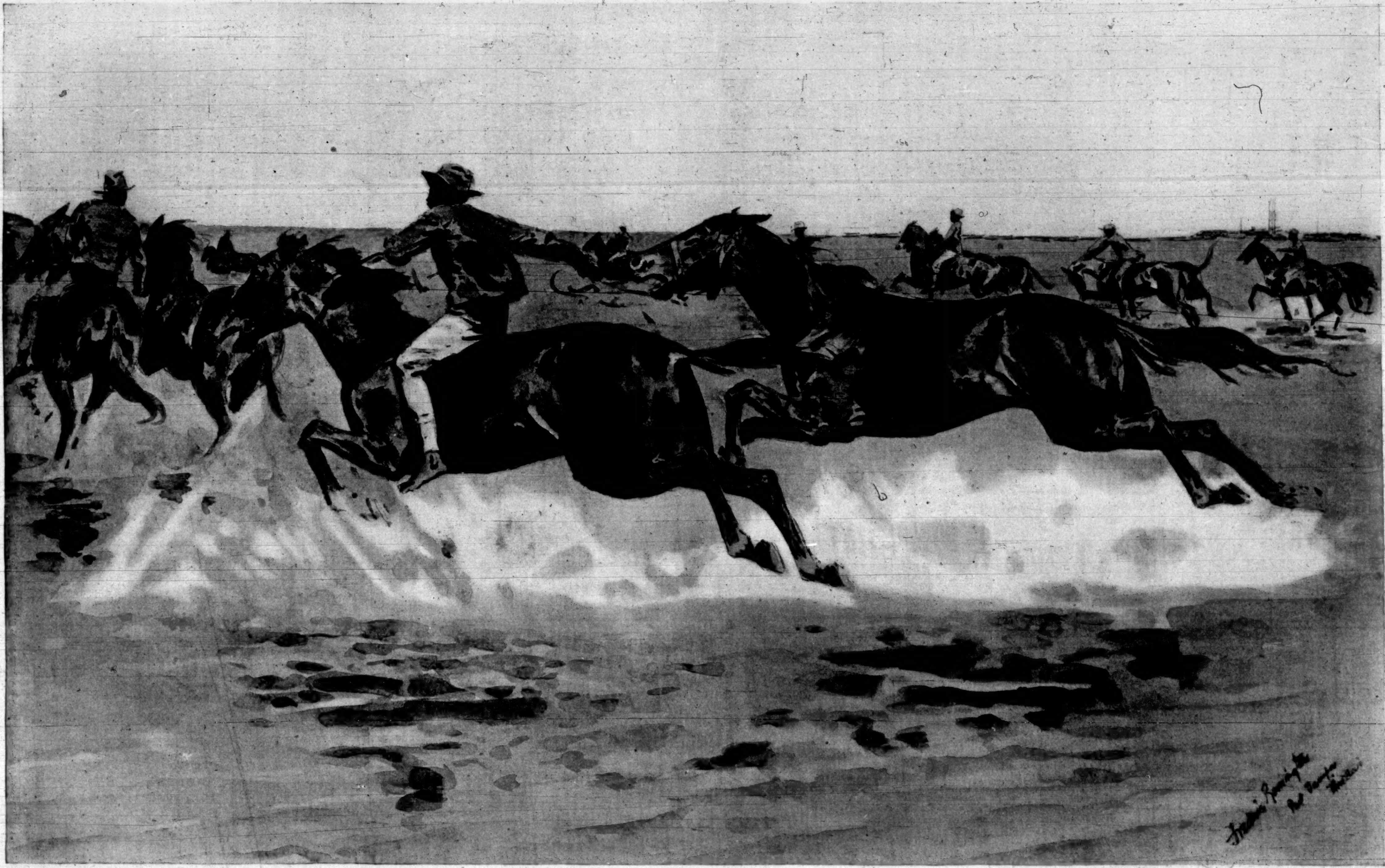
Wednesday, May 18.—The total muster of volunteers, as announced to-day by Adjutant-General Corbin, amounts to 92,580. The following States have completed their muster of the troops apportioned them by the War Department: California, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, and the District of Columbia.

The first detailed account of the bombardment of San Juan, on May 12, was received to-day, on the arrival of the despatch-boat *Dauntless*. Admiral Sampson expected to find a Spanish fleet in the harbor. He transferred his flag to the *Iowa*. The attack on the forts began at 5.15, and lasted three hours.

The cruiser *Charleston*, bound for the Philippines to aid Rear-Admiral Dewey's squadron, sailed from Mare Island at 10 15 A.M. to-day. The *Charleston* has no troops aboard. Her mission is to carry ammunition and supplies to Dewey, and she also takes a force of machinists and engineers, with ample equipment for the repair of damaged war-ships. Major-General E. S. Otis, who has been ordered by the War Department to proceed to the Philippines as second in command to Major-General Merritt, has arrived in San Francisco.

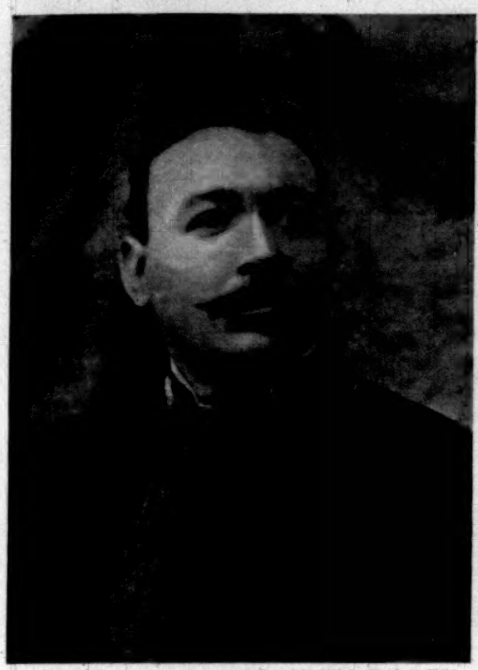
The new Spanish cabinet, with Señor Sagasta as President of the Council of Ministers, includes, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, Señor Leon y Castillo, who, until this appointment, has been Spanish minister at Paris. Lieutenant-General Correa is Minister of War, Señor Aunon Minister of Marine, Señor Romero Girón Minister of the Colonies, Señor Lopez Puigcerver Minister of Finance, Señor F. R. Capdepon Minister of the Interior, Señor C. Groizard Minister of Justice, and Señor Gamazó Minister of Public Instruction.

(*Continued on page 511.*)



WITH THE REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—COLORED TROOPERS OF THE 9TH U. S. CAVALRY TAKING THEIR HORSES FOR A DASH INTO THE GULF.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT PORT TAMPA.



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ENSIGN ARTHUR L. WILLARD, U.S.N.,
Of U. S. Gunboat "Machias." The first Man in this War to raise the American Flag in Cuba.

THIS BUSY WORLD

War is a sore trial, yet the officers of the American army and navy are excusable if they protest that once in a generation at least they ought to have an inning, and occupy the front of the stage. For thirty years they have had a comparatively humdrum time of it, and except for some mighty disagreeable Indian fighting, abounding in difficulties and risk, and yielding meagre returns of promotion and distinction, they have been in great measure out of the game. Whatever professional zeal they may have felt, there has been very limited occasion for its display. While their brethren in civil life have been busy with "real work," in which they have been spurred on to extreme effort by competition and the hope of winning the prizes which wait on diligence and talent, they have seemed to be shut off from the opportunities that commonly stir ambition, and to be relegated to the performance of prescribed duties hardly severe or strenuous enough to save them from seeming to belong to a leisure class.

Now, for a time, it is all different. The practical men of the country are its fighting-men. Their job is the one that is all-important; their ability and energy are what the country depends on; their performance is what every one watches; their preparations, plans, desires, intentions, and exploits take up all the space in the newspapers, and the poor drudging man of peace pegs away at his inglorious trade, with little attention from any one, even from himself. Every dog should have his day. As long as in the course of human affairs it is necessary for nations to maintain armies and navies, we must expect periodical returns of agitation and profuse expenditure and the incidental projection of the war lords to the front. We are spending money fast just now, but it is an instructive expenditure. We shall have learned again before we get through what a navy is, what an army is, what it is worth to us to have them, and what we may reasonably expect them to do.

The London *Saturday Review*, which is having more fun than any one else over our war with Spain, observed, in its issue of April 30:

> America, having made no preparations for completing the task she so arrogantly undertook, has no power to lay the storm she raised. Her finances are disorganized; her national army is a mere mob; her navy is heroic in bombarding earth-works from a safe distance.

Dewey's victory seems to have left it of the same opinion still, for it says, in its issue of May 7:

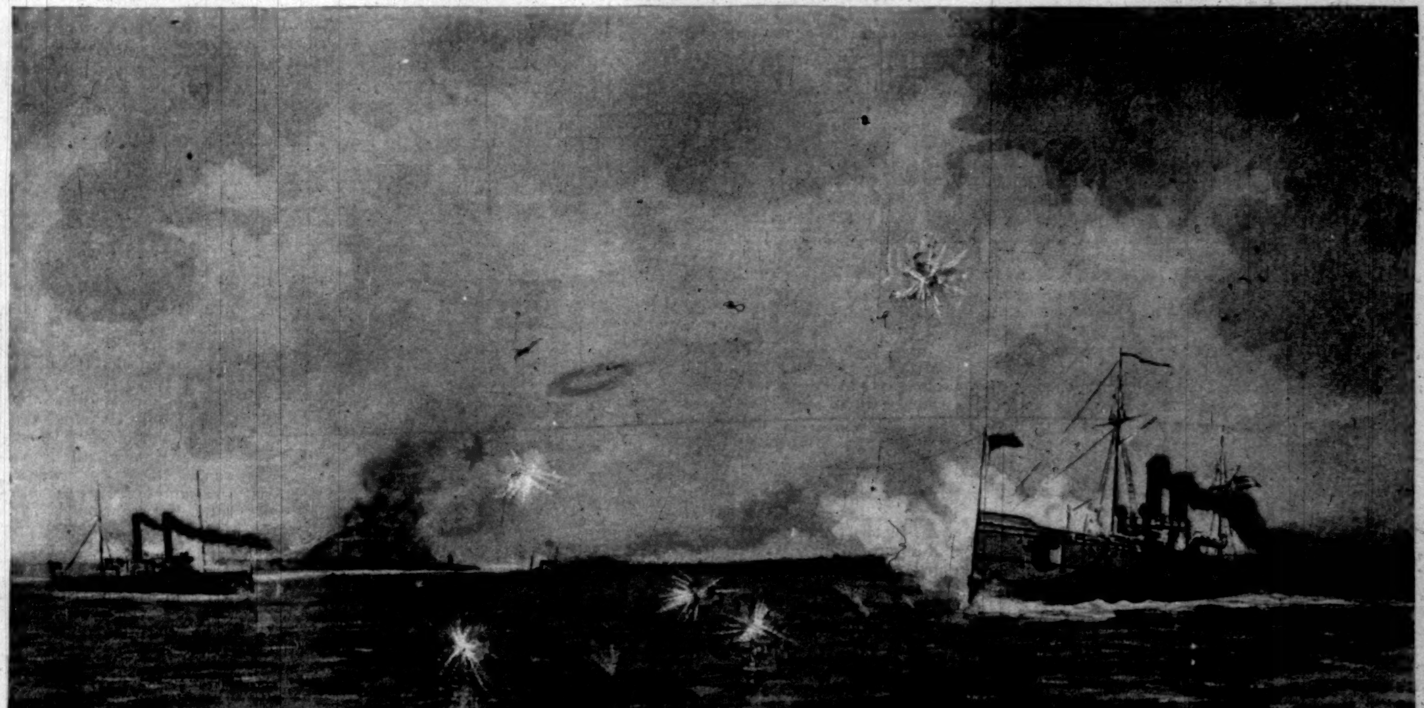
> At Manila the Spanish ships were all wooden—there was not one protected cruiser—and mostly about one-fifth of the size of their opponents.

A critic so signally superior to facts as the *Saturday Review* has the advantage of being able to promulgate its views without any fear of the commentary of events.

As one reads of regiments from Ohio and Illinois and Michigan at the Chickamauga camp, and of the inundation of the same big muster-ground by train-loads of Eastern soldiers, the expectation is encouraged of good and valuable results from the intermingling of all these Americans from different parts of the country. The East and the West especially have shown of late years a decided need to touch elbows and rub together. It is an excellent thing that men from New York and Massachusetts should be thrown for a time into closer relations with men from Texas and Kansas and Missouri. The men of all others who need to be brought together are the men from the extreme East and their fellows in the extreme Northwest, and it will be matter for regret if the volunteers of the Pacific coast are sent away to Manila, and thus lose the chance of scraping acquaintance in Cuba with Eastern soldiers whom they ought to know. On this score it must be regarded as matter for regret that there is not at present a better prospect of seeing in the field that exceptionally representative New York regiment—the Seventh. No kind of American is likely to profit more by an extended acquaintance with a variety of his fellow-citizens than the man who was born and has grown up in New York. The interests of this place are so engrossing, and its life is in many respects so artificial, that it is particularly wholesome for men who live in it to be separated from time to time from their haunts or occupations and put in the way of finding out what the rest of the country is like, what sort of citizens it produces, and what sort of opinions those citizens entertain. War is a very practical school. Going to it at the right age and with proper preparation is held by many veterans of the civil war to make more for the

LIEUT.-COL. WALLACE F. RANDOLPH, U.S.A.,
Commanding Field Artillery Brigade (ten Batteries), Port Tampa, Florida.

Spanish Batteries. Colorado Point and Light. Cienfuegos in distance.



U. S. Gunboat "Nashville." Small Boats cutting Cables. U. S. Auxiliary Gunboat "Windom." U. S. Cruiser "Marblehead."

CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH CABLES AT CIENFUEGOS, CUBA, UNDER FIRE OF SPANISH BATTERIES.—Drawn by S. H. Nealy.

enlargement of the mind than going to college. Young volunteers who don't drink whiskey, or catch fevers, or sustain serious physical damage, are likely to come out of this present war materially wiser than they went in, and better qualified in important particulars to be useful citizens.

The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts finds reasons which seem to its friends satisfactory for thinking itself to be the promptest militia regiment in the country. Colonel Woodward had anticipated Governor Wolcott's order which followed the President's call for volunteers, and it is stated that it took him no more than thirty minutes to raise and report a full regiment to the Governor. It was the Sixth, as will be remembered, that made the memorable march through Baltimore in 1861, and Captain Marshall, now of the regiment, was a sergeant in it at that time. Finally, the Sixth includes a Concord company, in which are many descendants of the Concord minute-men who were in the first fight of the Revolution, so that the regiment feels warranted in filing a claim to have been

C. E. AKERS.
Correspondent of the London "Times," at Tampa.

first in three wars. It may be disputed, yet no better claim to this particular distinction seems likely to be offered.

It was reported the other day that steps had already been taken to raise a monument at Raleigh, North Carolina, to Ensign Bagley, who was killed in the engagement off Cardenas. That was a case of prompt action, yet there was evidence the other day that North Carolina has a long memory for her sons who have fallen in war. On the 6th of May, at Oak Ridge, the students of the Oak Ridge Institute unveiled a granite cenotaph bearing a bronze tablet in memory of the bugler-boy, Gillies, of "Light Horse Harry" Lee's Revolutionary troop, who fell on February 12, 1781, in a skirmish with Tarleton's Dragoons, near the Guilford Court House battle-ground. It is thought to be the only monument ever erected to a boy of the Revolutionary times. All the schools in the county were represented at the ceremony of unveiling.

An Ohio veteran, Captain Theodore F. Allen, is promulgating among the other veterans the suggestion that "the survivors of the Union army shall of their own accord return the trophies of the civil war to the survivors of the Southern regiments." Captain Allen thinks the time to do it will be the occasion of the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic in Cincinnati next September, which, he thinks, "will probably be the last *great* gathering of veterans of the civil war."

Inasmuch as there is no reason to think that the storage of the trophies of the civil war as at present arranged is any hinderance to unity between North and South, Captain Allen is pretty sure to run up against a strong sentiment in favor of leaving those trophies alone. They are harmless where they are, and have little significance any longer except as historical relics. The proposition to give them back, if seriously taken, is sure to provoke discussion, call out harsh comments, and make trouble. The experiment has been tried before, with results that ought not to be risked again. The thing to do with the flags is to let them alone, and keep them out of discussion. In the Lord's good time they will disappear.

Moreover, Captain Allen's opinion that the Grand Army reunion at Cincinnati next September will be the last great one seems hardly to accord with reasonable expectation, the more prevalent belief being that there will be great G. A. R. reunions for at least ten years to come.

Lieutenant Totten is still prophesying ten hours a day, and is doing good work. In spite of appearances, he says, our real enemy is not Spain but Russia, and the scene of the final outcome of contemporary disturbances is to be Palestine.

The next most confident prophet to Lieutenant Totten seems to be President Andrews of Brown University, who is quoted in the newspapers as proclaiming and reiterating at various times and places his belief that the greatest war the world has known is imminent, and will be precipitated by our war with Spain. Dr. Andrews's arrangement of the parties to this great international conflict varies from week to week. On May 7, in addressing the Lathrop Club at Beverly, Massachusetts, as reported in the Boston *Transcript*, he matched Germany and Russia against England and France, but a week later, at Providence, in addressing the Brown cadet battalion, he joins Germany, Russia, Italy, France, and Spain against England and the United States. If there is to be so much fat as all that in the fire, it is as well that the President should call for more troops.

Prophecy, however, is not now the sure thing it was in Bible times, and even the diligent and attentive professors in Wall Street find many a surprise between the forecast and the event.

The Municipal Art Society of New York, organized in 1893, has lately been incorporated under the laws of New York, and by its new constitution enjoys increased powers to institute and control competitions for works of art to adorn the city. Two pieces of decoration that it has already accomplished, through funds provided by its members, are the allegorical paintings by Simmons in the Appellate Court room of the Criminal Courts Building, and the "Hunt Memorial" (to be completed this summer) in the Fifth Avenue wall of Central Park. It hopes presently to hold a competition for the decoration of the ceiling of the new municipal assembly-room in the City Hall, for which $10,000 has been voted by the city, and another for a design for a city street lamp to be used by the department which controls the lighting of the city. These competitions, it hopes, will be followed by many others of analogous scope and import, so that the city may constantly grow more beautiful, and worthier of the handsome and highly estimable and intelligent persons who live in it.

Chaplain Orville Nave, at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, sends word that he will be glad to receive copies of illustrated papers and magazines for distribution in hospitals and regiments serving in the field. There are Spanish prisoners of war at Fort McPherson, and doubtless use could be found for a little of the literature of Spain.

Princeton, a university lying well inland, and protected from invasion by the hosts of ferocious mosquitoes on the coast, is receiving favorable attention from investors in education. By the will of Mrs. Annie S. Paton, late of New York, who died May 10, the university is eventually to receive $100,000, the income of which is to go to two of Mrs. Paton's sons during their lifetime, and at their death is to endow lectureships at Princeton in Ancient and Modern Literature.

A matter of great moment to Boston is in a fair way to be settled. It is disclosed that the two branches of the Massachusetts Legislature have come to an agreement as to the proper height of buildings around Copley Square. The arrangement is that the limit to the walls of buildings on the north side of the square shall be 100 feet, on the other sides 90 feet. Spires, cupolas, balustrades, and other ornamental structures may exceed these limits. It is expected that a bill embodying these limitations will become a law.

One has to go a long ways just now to get away from war and rumors of it—especially the rumors—but Mr. Walter Wellman seems likely to reach a region of absolute peace. He sailed on May 10 for London, on his way to the north pole, or thereabouts, *viâ* Tromsoe, Cape Flora, and Franz-Josef Land. His plans provide for an absence of a year and a half, and for a dash towards the pole with six companions from the northern end of Franz-Josef Land, between February and June of next year. He hopes among other things to find some trace of Herr Andree, though his expectation of finding him alive seems to be faint. The sea part of Mr. Wellman's trip will be made in the Norwegian steamer *Frithjof*, which will take him to Cape Flora, and establish there his supply station. With him will go Professor Harlan of the Columbian University in Washington, Lieutenant Baldwin of the Weather Bureau, and Dr. Hofma of Michigan; and Professor Cope of Washington goes with them as far as Cape Flora. Besides the three Americans, three Norwegians, recommended by King Oscar of Sweden, will share the chances of the dash towards the pole. Let us hope that these adventurers may all get safely back, and find something left of earth in the temperate regions, and a population sufficiently pacified to be interested in their story.

The American School of Classical Studies at Athens has in its gift three fellowships in Classical Archæology to be awarded next spring. Two of them, to be held for one year, have incomes of six hundred dollars each, and are open to competition of American students, men or women. The award will be made chiefly on a competitive written examination, which may be taken next March at Rome, Athens, or at any one of a score of American universities and colleges. The third fellowship, with an income of $1000, also to be held for one year, will be awarded to the woman whom the committee thinks most fit to receive it. There will be no ex-

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,
Correspondent of the London "Times," at Tampa.

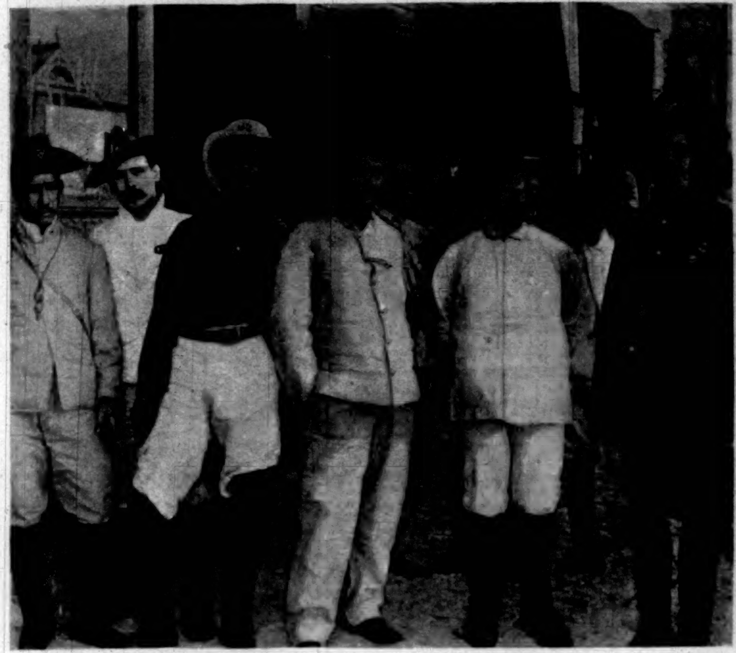
amination in this case, but candidates should send the committee evidence of the work they have done. Full information about the conditions of these competitions may be had from the chairman of the committee, Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Ithaca, New York.

The number of veterans of the civil war who are available for active duty now is comparatively small, but the amount of civil-war experience which is available is great. Most adult Americans of average intelligence know the history of the civil war fairly well, and remember or have read about the preparations for it, and know what a tangle military matters were in at the start, and how long it took to get them straightened out. They know about the "On to Richmond" cry, and how eager many inconsiderate folks were to have great results achieved without any proportionate apparatus. All that knowledge makes for patience now, and helps to win indulgence for our military authorities in their efforts to muster and equip troops, and so to mix militiamen and green recruits as to turn them out in a few weeks seasoned soldiers fit for campaigning. So far we have had lots of war and scarcely any fighting. We should be more restless and unreasonable than we are if our history lesson was not so fresh in our minds that we cannot forget it.

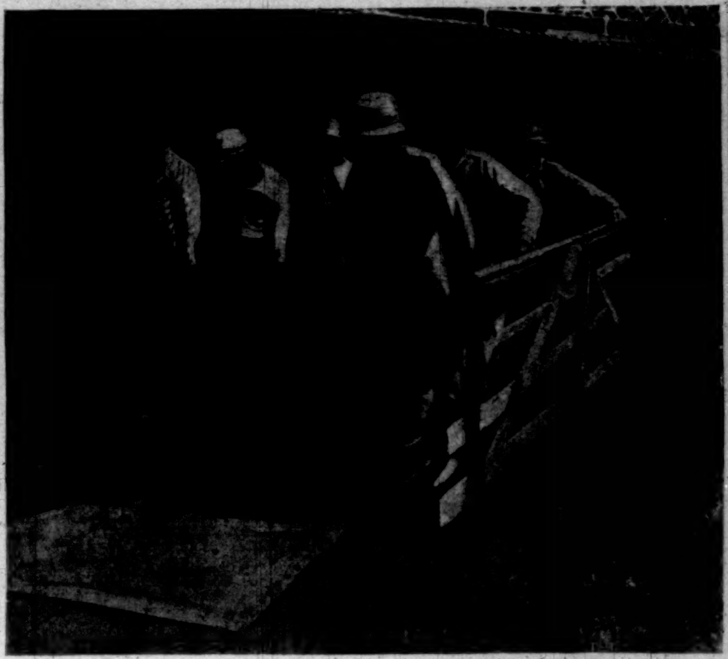
The patriotic women in and near New York are busy organizing and carrying on auxiliary Red Cross societies, for the mitigation of the miseries of war by relief to the wounded and sick. These auxiliaries, as they come into being, take unto themselves various special duties. On May 15 five of them were already at work. No. 1, the First New York Ambulance Red Cross Equipment Society, hopes to furnish and equip fifteen ambulances at a cost of $2000 apiece, and is gathering subscriptions and working to that end. Its treasurer is Miss Louisa Morgan, No. 219 Madison Avenue. No. 2 is the Woman's Conference of the Society for Ethical Culture; No. 3, the Hospital Equipment of the National Red Cross; No. 4, the Yonkers Auxiliary of the American National Red Cross Relief Committee; No. 5, the Metcalf-Bliss Hospital Cot Equipment of the National Red Cross. It is evident from the names of these societies that some were organized expressly for this work, and others were organizations already in being which took up the work. All of them, and the new ones which have since been started, are under the direction of the Woman's General Committee on Auxiliaries, of which the secretary is Mrs. Paul Dana, 1A Fifth Avenue. That committee in turn is tributary to the American National Red Cross Relief Committee, of which ex-Governor Morton is chairman. All these various Red Cross relief committees and their auxiliaries are intended to supplement and promote the work of the American National Red Cross Society, of which the best-known officer is Miss Clara Barton.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. LEE, R.A.,
Representing the British Army with the United States forces at Tampa.

The Philadelphia work of the same sort is being done under the supervision of the National Relief Commission. It was proposed to unite this commission



THE CUBAN VOLUNTEERS—GENERAL LACRET AND STAFF AT TAMPA, FLORIDA.



BRINGING ASHORE THE BODY OF ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, U.S.N., PORT TAMPA, MAY 15.—Drawn by Clyde D. V. Hunt.

with the New York Red Cross organization, but the executive committee of the commission determined on May 10 that the combination was inexpedient. The Philadelphia organization has issued an appeal to the people of the country saying that its purposes are the same as those of the Sanitary and Christian commissions of the civil war, and inviting the formation of auxiliaries in all parts of the country. The treasurer of the commission at Philadelphia is George C. Thomas, Esq., of Drexel & Company.

So far as at present appears in these parts, these two organizations—the American National Red Cross Relief Commission, with headquarters in New York, and the National Relief Commission, with headquarters in Philadelphia—are likely to be the chief centres of the relief-work of the country.

Meanwhile in many communities which have sent volunteers to the front have sprung up associations whose object is to look after the families of soldiers who have gone to the war, and to see that they do not suffer. These societies have the present advantage of having their work ready to hand.

When the women of the country fairly get at the war we shall begin to realize that there is something out of common going on, and something more for every man, woman, and child to do than to read the newspapers, discuss strategy, and wonder whether Samson will ever catch up with the Philistines. E. S. Martin.

BLANCO'S INDUSTRY.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Key West, Florida, May 20, 1898.

I have just returned from Cuban waters, where for the past week I have been cruising after Sampson's fleet, the Flying Squadron, or anything, in fact, that would stir the blood a bit and give me something to write about. Even the appearance of that elusive Spanish fleet would have been pleasing, despite the chance of its taking us in tow. I think I never before quite realized how large a body of water the Caribbean Sea is.

Except for being held up several times by one or another of the ever-watchful Blockading Squadron and filling the rôle of target for a distant impotent fusillade by some Spanish cavalry, my hunt was entirely without incident. There must be a sense of humor in the Spanish nature which we of the more practical Anglo-Saxon temperament fail to appreciate. The troop that fired on us had only rifles, and we were at least a mile off shore. Yet they blazed away for several volleys. Maybe it is their way of showing their intrepidity.

The only real excitement of the week was furnished by chase of a strange war-ship, which proved to be the German cruiser *Geier*. Incidentally it developed what to do. To a landsman it seemed decidedly discourteous on the part of the German commander. The *Geier* was hull down when discovered, and going full speed for Havana; notwithstanding that, two American vessels headed straight for her.

She slackened not her pace nor displayed signal until the *Mayflower*, after several miles' steaming, was on her beam, and recognized her as the cruiser of whose intended visit (to take German refugees out of Havana) the Blockading Squadron had received notice a week before.

The *Geier* repaid America's courtesy by an attempt to sneak through our fleet like a blockade-runner, but, having entered the harbor of Havana, the reports of heavy guns rolling out to us over the water told of Morro's acknowledgment of the *Geier's* salutation.

Perhaps the "mailed fist" was abroad, hurrying to preach that famous doctrine. There has been nothing of a stirring nature in Cuban waters since the gallant work off Cienfuegos on the south coast and off Cardenas on the north. Both were equally courageous. One resulted in cutting two or three cables under a galling and persistent fire from the Spanish; the other in the capture of a signal-station and the demolition of some fortifications. At Cienfuegos the Spanish bullets flew wide of their mark, and it is said our gunboats killed 300 at Cardenas. Ensign Worth Bagley rode to his death on the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, while Ensign Arthur Willard achieved glory in planting the first American flag on Cuban soil—death for one, glory for the other, and honor for both; nor is the honor roll complete until to it have been added the names of the *Winslow's* commander and crew, and those of the *Hudson's* officers and crew who so bravely rescued the torpedo-boat from certain destruction. One needs to visit that riddled little boat here in dock to appreciate the unequal battle she waged, with her $\frac{3}{16}$-inch body and 1-pounders against the hidden batteries and heavy guns of Cardenas. The wonder is she rode out so furious a storm. Lessons are dearly bought, but often they are worth the price. No more such unequal combats will be deliberately entered.

There can be no doubt that the Spaniards have made excellent use of the four unmolested weeks we have been good enough to give them. Every fort on the coast from Mariel on the west to Cardenas has been strengthened materially, and this is especially true of Havana. To the west of Havana, and all within two to three miles of Morro, I counted fourteen shore batteries, twelve of them of recent construction. To the east, and no farther away, are the two large Santa Clara batteries, also considerably enlarged. Now the query occurred to me the other day, as I viewed this result of Spanish industry under an American protective high tariff, that if the accumulation of ammunition aboard the ships of the Blockading Squadron became burdensome, would it not have been more wisely expended against the industry in daily evidence on the immediate east and west sides of Havana, for instance, than against signal-houses and other old houses that are not of the Spanish renaissance, and, to descend to slang, "cut no ice" in this war?

Our army, however, need not be disturbed by this industrial effort of the Spaniards, since all the batteries face the sea and are quite on the shore. Indeed, Blanco appears to have directed all his energy and the contents of Spain's Cuban arsenal to coast fortifications. Apparently he, too, with the war correspondents, has given over all thought of our army moving. In addition to strengthening the fortifications, Blanco has established a signal system from Havana to Cardenas, by which means the troops scattered along the coast can be concentrated at a threatened point. East of Cardenas we come once again to a condition of things as they were before our peaceful blockade quickened Spanish industry. Here ends Blanco's signal system and the new fortifications; and in their stead are the Latin siesta and the wandering insurgent. Those who seek the distinction of being pictured and exploited can here attain more notoriety with less personal discomfort than elsewhere.

You go ashore; you meet an insurgent; perhaps miss a meal or two; or even perchance get your feet wet; but—you "reach the insurgents!" and you come out again to the coast, and behold! you are a daring adventurer, the darling of the sensational press, the Poo-Bah of humble aspirations and, on occasion, privy counsellor to the government. I think I have said that the number of Spanish troops in Cuba has been persistently underestimated, and I wish now to add that the number of insurgents has been as persistently overestimated. Captain Dorst's second expedition, although failing of its initial purpose, demonstrated three things that are perhaps even more valuable at this stage of the game than supplying Cubans with arms: 1. That an effective co-operation of insurgents cannot be depended on. 2. That landing on the western coast of Cuba is not so easy as was expected. 3. The imperative need of muzzling the press.

It is too bad that self-respecting, discreet, honorable journalists must be classed with sensationmongers and "yellow-news fakirs," but the present is no time for fine distinctions. The censorship here and at Tampa was not established soon enough. That the Spanish fleet gave Sampson the slip off Martinique there is no doubt; that it is now caught in the Caribbean Sea, however, seems equally true. If reports may be depended upon, the Spanish ships of war are to-day at Santiago de Cuba; and with Sampson making east along the north side of Cuba, with Schley hauling for the east on the south side of the island, and the *Oregon* coming up from the south, it looks as if the days of the Spanish fleet were numbered. Apart from the ships with Sampson and Schley, there are enough left at Key West and vicinity to make a sufficient convoy for the troops at Tampa; but although there are now thirteen transports at Port Tampa coaled and watered and ready for the men, horses, and guns, and nine other transports have within the last few days come in here, yet there is not one chance in ten thousand the invasion of Cuba will be ordered until that Spanish fleet is wiped off the face of the sea. Caspar Whitney.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 507.)

The battle-ship *Alabama* was launched at the Cramps' ship-yard, Philadelphia, at 12 50 p.m.

A despatch from Gibraltar states that the Spanish fleet now at Cadiz, consisting of a battle-ship, four armored cruisers, four auxiliary cruisers, and three torpedo-boats, is ready for sea.

Secretary Long announces that a cablegram has been received from Captain Clark, commanding the *Oregon*, reporting the safe arrival of that battle-ship at a port in the West Indies.

Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, addressing the Junior Constitutional Club, said that Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech at Birmingham last Friday, really meant to ask, not for an Anglo-American, but for an Anglo-German alliance. As for the former, he declared, he sympathized with that idea also, but to him it seemed premature. In this connection it is well to note that an Associated Press despatch from Friedrichsruh, Germany, quotes Prince Bismarck to the effect that closer Anglo-American relations are doubtless feasible, but an alliance "improbable and unserviceable to both." Apparently an Anglo-American-German league of some sort would be a more agreeable suggestion to both Lord Beresford and Prince Bismarck; and as for Mr. Chamberlain, it is certainly more reasonable to suppose that he said what he meant, though not *all* he had in mind.

Thursday, May 19.—A despatch from Paris to-day says that Señor Leon y Castillo declines the Foreign Office portfolio in the reconstructed cabinet of Señor Sagasta, feeling that he may be more useful in his present position as ambassador to France than as a member of the government. The Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* makes the following comment:

> Recent events, especially Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham, have opened up new political horizons. Spanish statesmen anticipate the possibility of a universal conflagration, wherein Spain would find efficient allies. Their eyes naturally turn toward France and Russia. Therefore it seems important that Spain should be represented at Paris by an ambassador well acquainted with the tangled skein of European diplomacy and *persona grata* to the French government. It is believed that Señor Leon y Castillo will fulfil these conditions. Hence Señor Sagasta's hesitation to recall him.

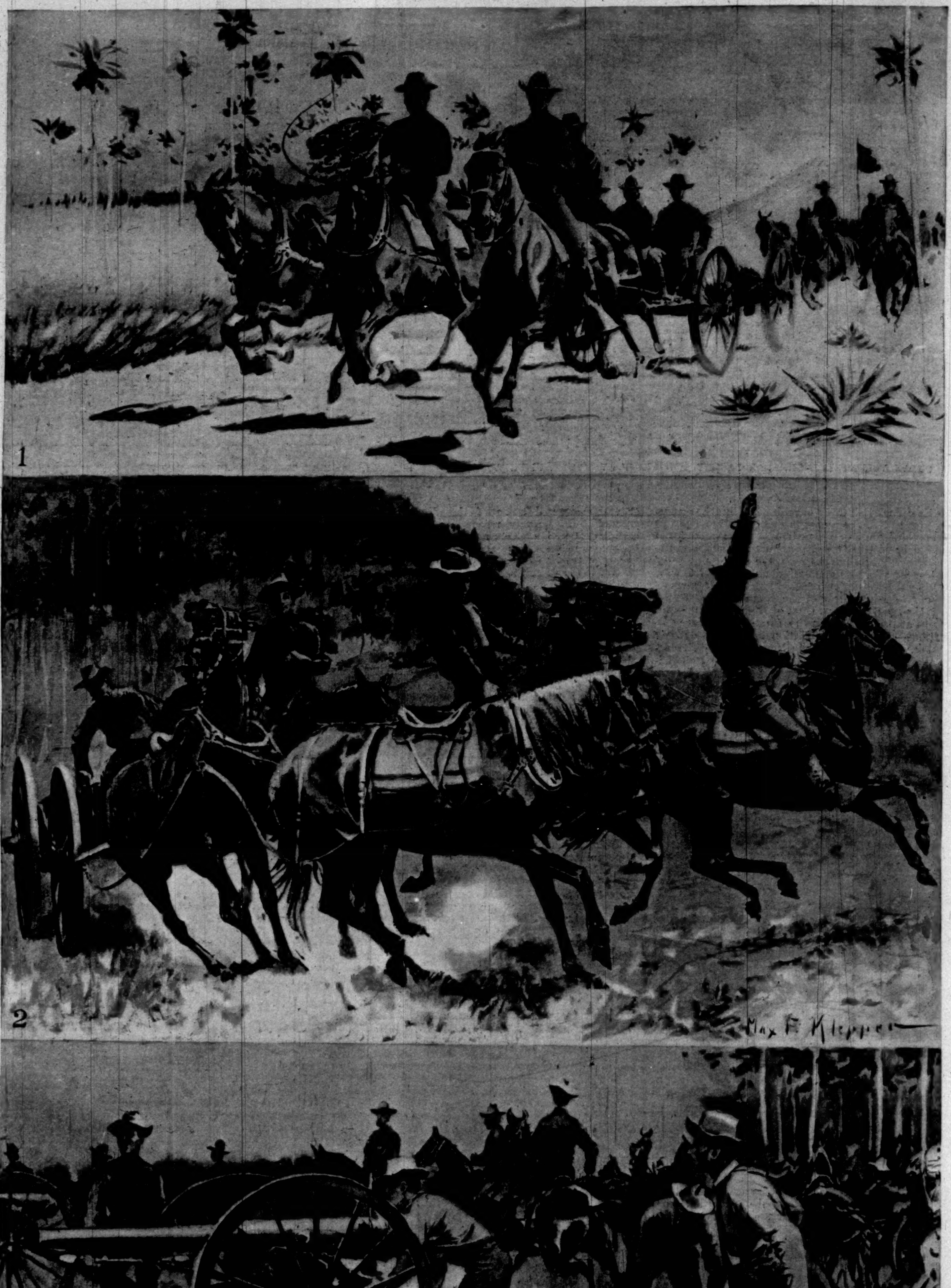
Admiral Cervera's squadron has arrived at Santiago de Cuba.

More than one hundred thousand volunteers have now been mustered into the United States army. "Better raw material for a magnificent army," General Miles observes, "was never collected together; but more than that is required for effective operations in a hostile country under adverse climatic conditions. . . . The army is not now in shape for the invasion of Cuba, and a great deal of hard work will be necessary before it can be put in proper condition for such a campaign."

Friday, May 20.—Despatch from Madrid: It is evident that the new Spanish cabinet intends to push the campaign vigorously. Despatch from Barcelona: Between eight and ten thousand troops, drawn from Catalonia, Andalusia, Aragon, and Valencia, are embarking here for the Philippine Islands.

The latest news from blockaded Havana (a letter forwarded *viâ* Vera Cruz) holds attention with several vivid sentences. For example: "New intrenchments have been thrown up, and more heavy artillery has been mounted." "They say that Havana is so well fortified that an army of fifty thousand men will be needed to reduce the place." "Posted on the corners of houses all over the town one may see ironical notices offering women's garments for sale to 'the men who are abandoning the Island of Cuba.'" "The squadron from Spain is expected at almost any moment, and day and night signals are ready to guide it safely into the harbor."

Saturday, May 21.—Spain was looking for the East Indies four centuries ago when she found the West; now we, when looking after the West Indies, have found our problem in the East. General Merritt has started for San Francisco and the Philippines; the *Monterey* has been ordered to re-enforce Admiral Dewey. Odd if the East Indies, which lured old voyagers to the discovery of our continent, should stand on the threshold of a new policy.



LIGHT-ARTILLERY DRILL OF U. S. REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

1. "Gallop; March!" 2. "Halt!" 3. Loading and Firing.

Tendering his Services to the Sec'y of War

Gen Longstreet visits the Adjutant General

Planning the Cuban Land Campaign
Gen. Miles and Gen. Lee

BUSY TIMES IN WASHINGTON—SKETCHES IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

II.—OUR FIRST DAY OF SPANISH ROADS.

SAN SEBASTIAN being a sort of Potsdam or Versailles to the Spanish aristocracy, we hastened to get away from it as soon as possible. We had wasted the forenoon in learning nothing from the cycling chiefs of the place, but still had ample time to reach Tolosa that same afternoon. It had rained the previ-

WINE-FREIGHTING TO ALICANTE.

ous night, but having been assured that the Basque roads were the best in Spain, we looked forward hopefully to the next stage. The mud, however, was something unknown in other parts of Europe; it reached entirely across the broad road, and we could but trundle our bikes laboriously ankle-deep in a clinging mire. There was a narrow sidewalk on one side of the road, but this being the afternoon hour for the promenade, we dared not risk an invasion of it, particularly as we had seen some gendarmes. Finally, however, the limit of pedestrianism appeared to have been reached, for the citizens of San Sebastian as well as for ourselves, and I therefore accosted a well-dressed gentleman:

"Pardon me, señor, but is it permitted to ride one's bicycle on the sidewalk?"

"Why not? There are probably no more gendarmes out in this direction."

His reasons would not have been conclusive in an Anglo-Saxon community, but they satisfied us completely. We met no more policemen that day, and such of the population as we passed wished us good-evening, and evidently regarded it as quite natural that we should travel in the manner best suited to our condition. Subsequently, in Madrid, where I biked in the park with ladies every morning, it struck me most agreeably that pedestrians and cyclists used all the paths in common, each courteously regarding the other's comfort. One saw no scorching, or rude attempts to crowd foot-passengers out of the way. Bells were never sounded needlessly and violently, after the Anglo-Saxon fashion, for the purpose of alarming timid old ladies. The Spaniard is decidedly on a higher plane of civilization, in so far as street etiquette is concerned, than the American or the Englishman. How often have I ploughed along in the mud of our roads while at the side ran a smooth and clean sidewalk wholly unoccupied! Had I ridden on that walk, my tires could but have improved it, while in the event of meeting foot-passengers I would of course have dismounted rather than cause them inconvenience. How the Spaniard must despise us for our barbarous manners!

One day, in Madrid, while biking on the sidewalk of the fashionable promenade, not in the park, and therefore contrary to municipal law, a well-dressed Spaniard stopped us, and raising his hat courteously, reminded us that it was against the law to ride upon the walk at that particular place. He deemed it necessary to apologize for his apparent disposition to meddle by telling us that he was a member of the city government, and consequently compelled to notice such matters. He did not stop us for the purpose of causing us inconvenience. He merely gave to us, as strangers, a kindly hint that might save us from the consequence of ignorance. We of course thanked the courtly hidalgo, and parted with mutual marks of friendship. And this little experience made me feel that New York might become a sweeter abiding-place to the casual stranger if a certain proportion of our police force were to be sent each year, at the city's expense, to learn in Spain that the manners of the Bowery and Limerick are not the only ones useful in every-day intercourse with the free people of a great metropolis.

We punctured a tire on the way to Tolosa. It made some sensation at the time, because of its being our first accident; because it made a noise like the explosion of a dynamite bomb; because it called about us a large population of sympathizers, who thought there must have been bloodshed; because that population grew so dense and breathed so much garlic at us that our attention was distracted from the repair work. This matter of puncture I dismiss here once for all, as these little notes are meant to be of political and social interest—not a cycling record made up of mileage and mechanics. One reason for dismissing this subject is that it is to us a painful one. No day passed without one or more punctures to some member of the party. It was always an easy matter with a single-tube American tire to mend the ordinary puncture in five minutes, but with the double tube it was more complicated.

As for the machines of my two companions, they reached Madrid so much battered up that they had to have each a new wheel and tire, and one of them had the frame a bit broken. We charitably unscrewed the plates bearing the names of the American makers, partly from patriotic considerations, and partly for other more obvious reasons. To be sure, we gave our bikes such tests as no bikes ever had before. Mine, however, stood it admirably. I take some pleasure in stating this, because in Europe generally there is a widespread feeling that American bicycles are too light for rough work.

Our road to Tolosa was mostly heavy mud, and when at intervals there was something else, it was a scatteration of loose broken stone that was almost as discouraging. It was well after dark, therefore, when we trundled into the narrow streets, looking for the Fonda Agueda. A courteous native offered to pilot us, and stopped before a house whose lower story appeared to be the workshop of a lithographer. This did not seem just the thing, and I expressed my feelings to this effect. But he assured me it was all right, in token of which he shouted up the stairs, and received answers from different floors of a lofty house. Pretty soon there appeared a woman with a baby on one arm and several children at her heels. She gave us a warm welcome, and shouted to some other occupants of the house, who soon made their appearance, and assured us that this was the famous fonda of Tolosa where the señores of the Club Veloz always came for recreation. With some misgivings we asked for beds, and at the same time for a place where we might store our muddy bikes. The house-party first escorted us in a body to a workshop in the rear of the building, where, between lithographic presses, we were invited to leave our machines. This struck us as an odd stable for an inn much frequented by wheelmen, but I am now more hardened to surprises.

We next went up stairs—two flights. At the head of the first appeared to dwell several families in tenement-house style, half in and half out of their rooms. The hotel proper therefore commenced only with the third floor of the house.

We had an excellent dinner of four meat courses, and our beds were good. What more can a reasonable man want? The red wine of the country went free with the dinner; and the bill next morning, including breakfast, was five pesetas, which, at the then current rate of exchange, made sixty-five cents for the night. And all this, be it remembered, at a town within easy biking distance of the most fashionable summer resort of the peninsula.

The only other guest in the little inn was a commercial traveller from Leipsic, who talked Spanish with a painfully German accent, and expressed much contempt for the industrial apathy of the country. He was interested in wood pulp, which he sold to the paper-mills of Tolosa, but told us that though this was one of the most important paper-manufacturing towns of Spain, it did not consume as much wood pulp as one single house in England. As a German, he deplored also the absence of family life here; that is to say, he would have preferred living in a private Spanish family, as strangers commonly do in Germany. Our Leipsic friend had found this quite out of the question here, and felt very lonely at being forced to spend his evenings in this fonda, where, he said, he paid six pesetas a day.

As he was an educated man, and had lived much in the country, I tried to get his opinion about public opinion in Spain touching Cuba and the United States. He soon gave me my answer—there was no public opinion in Spain excepting about the bull-ring. He said, contemptuously, that the Spaniard cared not a snap about politics, and would scarcely know if a war should break out to-morrow; that he was never consulted in those matters, and did not wish to be.

And so we went to bed.

III.—AMONGST THE BASQUES—A SPANISH VIEW OF CUBA.

With glorious sunshine overhead, and the memory of smiling God-speeds from the population about the Fonda Agueda in Tolosa, we set our faces towards Vitoria, and arrived there the same night, after the usual proportion of

SPECIMEN OF SPANISH HIGHWAY, ALICANTE.

punctures. Our night at Tolosa had taught us an impo tant lesson—that, in Spain at least, the traveller shoul not be discouraged by appearances. We had been take to an inn which, to our American understanding, bore th outward marks of a disreputable lodging-house in th slums of New York; and our welcome had been at th hands of people who rather encouraged this disheartenin opinion. We accepted our fate out of sheer necessity, fo had it not been so late we should certainly have pushe on. As it proved, however, we passed a most clean an comfortable night, and paid the modest bill gratefully, ou consciences pricking us the while for having cherishe suspicions at the outset.

We started from the frontier with the purpose of study ing the life of the plain people of the way-side, and boun ourselves to spend no more than one dollar a day for a expenses. We could have done it for less, but inclined t the more generous allowance from sheer epicurean weak ness. We had to spend much more than that, of course in Madrid and the big towns. Our bicycle-repair bill wa always sure to be a serious item; and our barytone mem ber bought church lamps and savage daggers until hi bike was loaded like a Cossack pony returning from th war. But, outside of such matters, I have the testimon of our treasurer, the tenor, that we never spent beyon our dollar a day, so long as we lived, after the fashion o the country, at small inns; and that in many cases we coul not spend even so much, though we never bargained as t price, and ordered all the luxuries the respective inn could afford.

Baedeker's guide-book of Spain we found thoroughl reliable for the usual tourist resorts; but of course it coul take no notice of the many villages where the tired cyclis would have to inquire for a night's lodging. There is great need of a cyclist's hand-book of Spain, on the pla of that published by the Touring Club of France. I Madrid I was told that such a work was in contemplatio by the Union Velocipedica Española, which is the L. A. W of Spain. I had the honor of being made a member o that society while in Madrid, and found that in larg towns the discount on my hotel bill paid for the cost o initiation and annual dues several times over.

The road improved as the mud dried, and, indeed, al the way to Madrid there was no part of the road that nee have discouraged an American tourist. In wet weathe the roads are very muddy, and in dry weather very dusty but in the intermediate stages they are fairly good cycl tracks, barring the times when the government goe through the forms of road-repairing, which means cover ing the whole surface with sharply pointed pieces o broken rock, each one threatening a puncture. We wer there in the road-repairing season—so that I am drawin somewhat on my imagination for a picture of the Spanis roads when they are good for the bike.

It is a beautiful country all the way to Vitoria—tum bling streams through fertile valleys, lofty snow-cla mountains in the distance, flocks of sheep and goats o the hill-sides, creaking ox-wagons with wheels made o one solid piece of wood, ploughs that were fashionable i the time of Pharaoh, and from every peasant a salute o "Adios," or its equivalent. We did not care to make spee in such a beautiful country as this, and so we did no grumble much at the long climbs where we were force to walk. That day we climbed over a mountain pass officially stated to be 1740 feet high, but there was a glorious coast on the other side, and plenty to occupy ou minds on the way up.

For lunch we bought a loaf of bread, a litre of wine, and a piece of raw chocolate, with a few peanuts and oranges. This cost us a trifle under ten cents apiece, and was ample for our purpose. We ate it stretched out in the sun on the top of the low wall protecting the road passengers from falling over the bridge into a torrent beneath. The heavily laden donkeys peered curiously at us as they passed by, but their owners looked upon it as quite natural that sensible men should eat their lunch by the road-side, whether they chose to carry their packs on the backs of asses or on the handle-bars of bicycles.

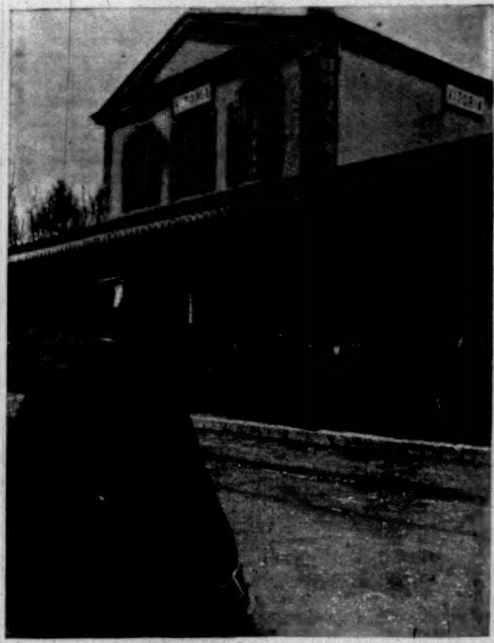
The further we penetrated from the frontier, the more did we find our bikes the subject of wonder to the mules and asses. Finally we reached territory where no bicycle had probably ever been before; I refer more particularly to the savage coast-line on the Mediterranean, between Alicante and Valencia, where the people still look like Moors who ruled the country long ago. No railway has penetrated to that coast, and until the irruption of our three bikes I doubt if the people there had ever seen so much of mechanism at any one time. I surmise this because whenever we came upon a mule train our appearance produced something of a panic. We made every effort to give notice of our approach by voice and bell, but this could not prevent the beasts of burden from wheeling sharply, and frequently spilling the rider, whom we often caught dozing. We did not do all this mischief for the mere fun of seeing a "circus"; indeed, we were rather apprehensive lest we might draw down upon ourselves a vengeance of the proverbial Spanish kind, for the blood of the Moors is hot, and the knife is a handy tool. We did in the beginning seek to mitigate the desolating character of our incursion by dismounting upon sighting what promised a panic, but we discovered, with some alarm, that the act of dismounting struck mules and asses alike as more uncanny than merely keeping normally on our way. It puzzles me, as I pen this in cold blood, to say why we succeeded in getting through Spain without a fight of some sort with the outraged muleteers, who form the great bulk of the wayfaring population. It may be that they were mostly smugglers, and therefore uneasy in their conscience as against strangers, who might prove to be inspectors in disguise. It may be that we owe our escape to the happy habit current in Spain of always holding the pack-animal responsible for all that befalls; and therefore, before the muleteer had finished flogging his innocent beast for shying, we, the real culprits, were well out of reach. In general, however, I am satisfied to attribute all the good that befell us to the ineradicable dignity and courtesy of the Spanish peasant. We tested it severely, but it has come out triumphant.

At Vitoria I was so fortunate as to make the acquaint-

ance of a Spanish gentleman of social and political note who was an officer in the Cycling Club of that town, and offered his services to us in the objects of our journey. He took us to see the headquarters of the cycling fraternity, where I counted fifty bicycles—nearly all English of the best makes. There was but one American, three German, and not half a dozen French. Our host told us that the Germans were very energetic in pushing their wares, not merely bicycles, but all other things, but that they did not put such good work into them as the English. The members of this club were mainly gentlemen of social position and property. There was no touring in Spain, I am told, but the bicycle was a fashionable recreation for short excursions in the neighborhood of the town.

My Spanish friend took me a walk about this beautiful place, particularly interesting because he took me over the battle-field where in 1813 the French were defeated by Wellington so decisively as practically to put an end to the Peninsular war. Napoleon at the same time was marching in Germany to his great defeat at the hands of Blücher on the plains of Leipzig. It gives one an idea of the gigantic combinations attempted by that monstrous-minded man in the days when bikes and railways did not exist, and even common roads were few and bad.

Our talk passed from the wars of Napoleon and Wellington to the present war in Cuba, and my host was



ENTRAINING TROOPS AT VITORIA FOR BILBAO, MARCH 15, 1898.

offered abundant opportunity for a diatribe against the United States in harmony with the jingoism manifested by the *Imparcial* of Madrid and other organs of the war party. But he showed no taste whatever for war or swagger. His words, as I noted them down soon afterwards in my memorandum-book, were substantially these:

"What a sad thing is this Cuban matter! We Spaniards cannot conduct such a war with satisfaction, for the Cubans, after all, are they not fighting for liberty? We are very much discouraged over the situation, but the government dares not confess its failure. I hear that already more than 200,000 troops have gone to Cuba, and more than 30,000 are in hospital. The men go cheerfully, or at least obediently, to their hopeless task, for so far I have not yet heard of any troops refusing to embark. But it is a bad business, and I wish we could close it honorably."

I asked him how he regarded the attitude of the United States. He answered, to my surprise, without anger:

"The Yankee government has not acted generously towards us, for they have undoubtedly done much to encourage the Cubans and prolong the war. And yet we cannot blame them altogether. Cuba is so close to them that this war must disturb their commerce very much."

This little bit of a most interesting conversation I repeat without mentioning names, because of the moderate spirit manifested, because this gentleman may be regarded as a typical Spaniard of property, and because it is the tone I have met with almost without exception when talking on this subject with men of consequence in different parts of the country.

Our walk led us past the new barracks of the infantry, and I, of course, expressed curiosity to go in and take a look at them. My friend deprecated the large amount of money being spent on barracks when so many loyal Cubans were suffering for lack of the necessaries of life. The barracks are of stone, very well designed for light and ventilation, and altogether massive ornaments to the little town. The workmen were still at the task of completion, but I could already form some notion of the number of men that could be housed here. Assuming that the men were bunked one on top of the other, allowing bunks at the rate of four to each of the 608 windows of the two buildings, I made out that this new set of barracks could accommodate about 2500 men comfortably. Before the Cuban war the garrison of Vitoria was 4000 men; now it is reduced to 2000—so said my friend, who appeared well posted. Not far from this we passed the artillery barracks, and watched a mule mountain battery drilling in the yard. One misses here the sharp, energetic manner of the German drill-ground, the precision in detail of Tommy Atkins in London; yet a recent military attaché in Madrid, who served in the American civil war, assured me that the Spanish infantry is the best in Europe—when properly led. Recent events in Cuba point to a distinct want of leadership, if this opinion is to be accepted.

I made an application to visit the barracks of the artillery, but was told that such an application must be made to the military governor of the place—which would have been too formal a matter for us. My host next took me to see his club, which occupied the whole of one floor in one of the chief houses of the town. There was not much to suggest a club of New York or London; it seemed rather like the waiting-rooms of a country hotel, or a German water-cure establishment. It is only a gathering-place for members who drop in of an evening to gossip and play a game of cards. There are 500 members to this one, and two more clubs equally large, if not so select. This particular club is loyal to the government, and is the military club of the place in consequence. Of the two other clubs, the one is very radical, not to say socialist; while the other is Carlist, and therefore frankly revolutionary. It seemed, in contrast to Germany, odd to find soldiers and civilians associating together in a common club; and still more strange that a government with so strong a military force at its disposal should permit the open existence of political societies whose programme is revolution.

My friend guessed my thoughts, and said, sadly: "Yes, it is all wrong. We should not be so tolerant towards revolution. We are encouraging civil war. Spain has too much liberty."

I went to sleep that night with these strange words in my ears—words which must sound paradoxical to a Cuban: "Spain has too much liberty."

THE FLYING SQUADRON—TARGET PRACTICE.

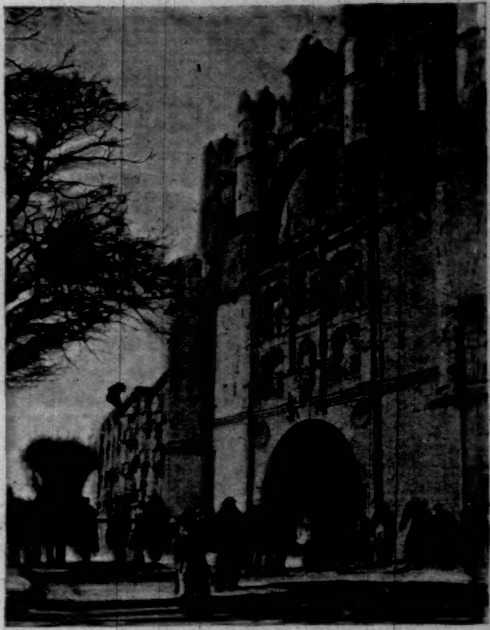
FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA, *May 13, 1898.*

THE order that took Commodore Schley's ships out of Hampton Roads this afternoon was a blessed relief to officers and men alike. For weeks now these ships have been ready for battle. From Commodore to Jack-o'-the dust, every man has been waiting for the chance. As the days went by, and the order did not come, the nervous tension grew greater. Then there occurred on the ships that which enlisted the sympathy and excited the admiration of the on-looker. The strain on nerves grew to a point where ordinarily one might look for trouble, but not a sign of giving way has there been, and not a sign of outward complaint. Surely there is no military requirement so hard to bear as being ready and having to wait, but in the language of Commodore Schley, whose position was the hardest of all, that "ought not to form the basis of complaint to trained and organized forces," and his officers and men have shown that they believe him.

The weeks of waiting were put in to good advantage. Every day increased a little bit the already surprising efficiency of the ships. Most of this time was put in at subcalibre practice. Thousands of rounds were fired, and every man who was at all likely to be called on for service at a gun had plenty of chance to practise shooting that gun. Words cannot tell the deadly, dreadful accuracy of the shooting. To believe it one must see it. But here are some of the results. At 1200 yards subcalibre, equivalent to about 6000 yards with 8-inch rifles, the men on the *Brooklyn* in one day put 110 bullets into the target. The target consisted of a small keg, in one end of which there was set a staff bearing a red flag perhaps a foot and a half square. When this target was brought in there were 24 bullet marks in the staff alone. Such shooting as that in actual battle, at a distance of 2500 yards, with the full service charge, would disable guns as regularly and easily as if it were an exhibition drill.

It is a characteristic of the American sailor-men to shoot straight. When the *New Orleans* came into Hampton Roads on Monday morning, almost the first thing Captain Folger did, after letting go the anchor, was to put out a target for subcalibre practice. The *New Orleans's* crew was composed partly of green men, and even the experienced ones had hardly had time to become familiar with the ship. But before the afternoon was half over, the *New Orleans* was using a target put out by the *Texas*, her own having been shot away.

It was just so on all the ships. Each man in each gun's crew pegged away at subcalibre to his heart's content. There was the best spirit among the men and a keen but friendly rivalry in marksmanship. They worked faithfully and well, and all the time with the hope that they would get an opportunity to make their skill tell on some Spanish enemy. They were preparing to "remember the *Maine*" in terrible fashion. After the news of Dewey's victory was received fully, and it became apparent that wonderful gunnery was the great factor in its amazing completeness, the men of the Flying Squadron went at it all the harder. As the ships lay at anchor in front of the big hotels at Old Point Comfort, the constant report of the rifles grew to be one of the accustomed and uninteresting events of the day, and excited no more interest on the shore. But now that the ships have sailed, and seem likely to demonstrate the value of their practice, those who saw the straight shooting here will watch the more eagerly for the reports of the action. It will be hot and desperate work for those upon whom Commodore Schley's "bullies" demonstrate their ability to "remember the *Maine*." OSCAR KING DAVIS.



THE GATE OF ALICANTE.

THE HAVANA VOLUNTEERS.

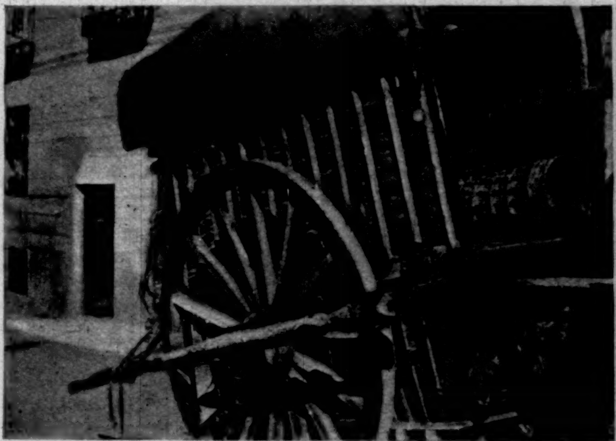
THERE lately has been considerable reference by the press of this country to the Havana volunteers. Attention has also been directed to the volunteers by rumors to the effect that General Blanco contemplated their disbanding. That this last rumor is true is attested by the fact that the volunteers were most emphatic in their demands for its denial, both from the Palace at Havana and from Madrid, and the conciliatory terms in which the denial was made were flattering to all of the eighty-six thousand men who compose this force in Cuba.

Everybody knows that the "Instituto de Voluntarios" in Cuba is the representative body of Spanish ideas, aspiration, and policy. They are all natives of Spain, and have remained in their American colony more Spanish still than the Spaniards at home. They do not admit that it might be possible to suppose that Cuba should not remain forever a Spanish possession. The volunteers were the cherished children of the terrible Weyler, whom they cherished in return, and they are dissatisfied with General Blanco, and with all the plans of autonomy which he tried to put in practice. Their organization comprises, according to the latest official reports from Havana, no less than 86,631 men and 15,165 horses, divided as follows: infantry, 2895 officers, 60,865 soldiers, and 259 horses; cavalry, 1202 officers, 13,594 men; artillery, 293 officers, 3830 soldiers, and 105 horses; military engineers, 68 officers, 1373 men, and 5 horses; marine infantry, 137 officers, and 2371 men. The expenses for the support of the volunteer corps are borne by the chiefs and officers through a monthly assessment fixed by themselves. The public treasury contributes only $200,000 annually for the payment of quartermasters and other officers attached to the commissary department.

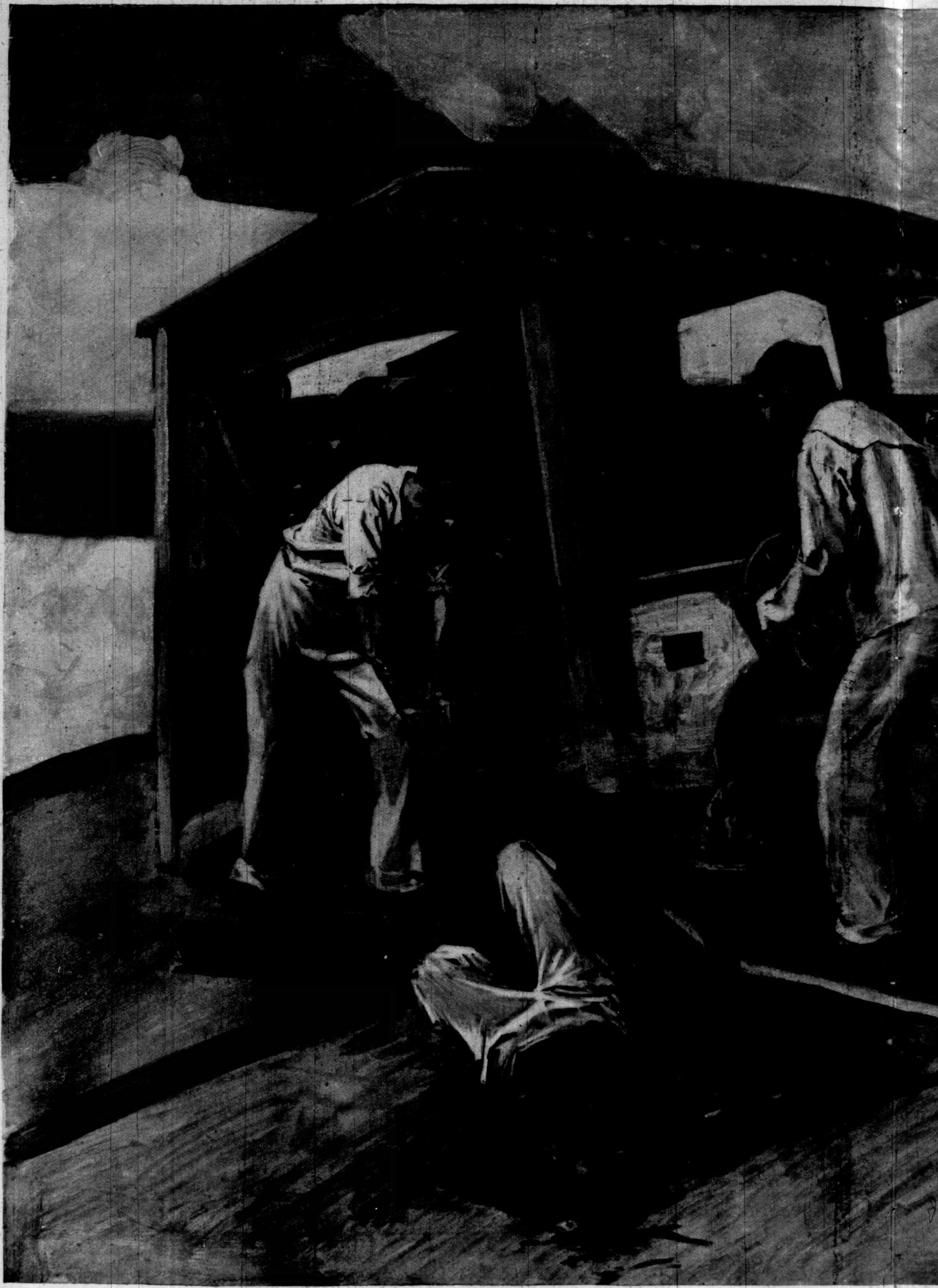
The volunteers were responsible for the murders of the Havana students in 1871, as well as for the executions of many civilians during the ten-year revolution. In this present insurrection they have not been active. Inquiries on this score bring the information that it is because they preferred their home pursuits to field operations, and the government did not drive them to unwelcome duties. To-day each volunteer owns his arms, which he keeps in his home, so it has been impossible for Spain to surprise and control them by suddenly taking possession of armories. Keeping in mind that the disarming of this volunteer corps was the first action promised by the autonomist party, and also the signal failure of this measure, it is then interesting to hear that the colonels of the volunteers were in conference with General Arolas. This Spanish general communicated to the colonels his desire that the volunteers be well drilled and exercised in the manual of arms, in order that they be at any time prepared to render able and experienced assistance to the government. It is not surprising to learn that these expressions were received with enthusiasm by the leaders of the corps.

The ruling fear of these men, evidenced by the foregoing statements, seems to be this: they are a power within the state that cannot be controlled, as they are to-day more numerous than the Spanish army of occupation. They are opposed to all the measures which were forced upon the Spanish rulers of Cuba, and it is expected that the time will sooner or later come when the volunteers will revolt against every institution in the island—against the government, against the insurgents, and against whatever visible representation the United States may have in Cuba at the time. They are an element to be reckoned with.

HAROLD MARTIN.



THE CART OF THE COUNTRY, ILLUSTRATING THE BRAKE.



FIGHTING UNCLE SAM'S BATTLE-SHIPS—"IN A

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26 MAY 1898

N ACTION—LOAD!"—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

At nine I was at the door of the dark silent house by the Weiss Thor. I sounded the knocker loudly, and with the end of the reverberations I heard a foot come through the long passages. The panel behind slid noiselessly in its grooves, and I was conscious that a pair of eyes looked out at me.

"You are the servant of the strange Doctor?" said the voice of the servitor, Sir Respectable.

"That I am, as by this time you may have seen!" answered I, for I was in no mood of mere politeness. I was venturing my life in the house of the enemy, and at least it would be no harm if I put a bold face on the matter.

He opened the door, and again the same curious perfume was wafted down the passages—something that I had never felt either in the Wolfsberg nor yet even in the women's chambers of the Palace of Plassenburg.

At the door of the little room in which she had first received me so long ago, the Lady Ysolinde was waiting for me.

She did not shut the door till Sir Respectable had betaken him down again to his own place. Then frankly and undisguisedly she took my hand, like one who had come to the end of make-believe.

"I knew you to-day in your disguise," she said; "it is an excellent one, and might deceive all save a woman who loves. Ah, you start. It might deceive the woman you love, but not the woman that loves you. I am not the Princess to-night; I am Ysolinde, the Woman. I have no restraints, no conventions, no laws, no religions, to-night, save the law of a woman's need and the religion of a woman's passion."

I stood before her, not knowing what to say.

"Sit down," she said. "It is a long story; and yet I will not weary you, Hugo—that I promise you."

I made answer to her, still standing up: "To-night, my lady, after what you know, you will not be surprised that I can think of only one thing. You know that to-day—"

"I know," she said, cutting me short, as if she did not wish to listen to that which I might say next—"I know; I was present in the Judgment Hall."

"Then, being Master Gerard's daughter, you knew the sentence before it was pronounced!" I said, bitterly. For I was sure that her father did, being certain as that I lived that the paper from which the Duke Otho had read had been penned at this very house of the Weiss Thor in which I now stood.

Ysolinde reached a slender hand to me, as was often her wont instead of speech.

"Be patient to-night," she said; "I am trying hard to do that which is best—for myself first, as a woman must in a woman's affairs, but, as God sees me, for others also. You are a man, but I pray you think of the fight I, a lonely unloved woman, have to fight."

"Will they carry out the terrible sentence?" said I, eagerly. For I judged that she must be in her father's councils.

"Be patient," she said; "we will come to that presently."

Ysolinde sat silent awhile, and when I would have spoken further she moved her hand a little impatiently aside in sign that I was not to interrupt. Yet even this was not done in her old imperious manner, but rather sadly, and with a certain wistful gentleness which went to my heart.

When she spoke again it was in the same even voice in which she had formerly told my fortune in that very room.

"That which I have to say to you is a thing strange—as it may seem unwomanly. But then I did not ask God to make me a woman, and certainly He did not make me as other women. I have never had a true mate, never won the love which God owes to every man and woman He brings into the world. I have never had so sweet a life to live that I cared day by day whether I kept it or lost it.

"Then I met you, not by any seeking of mine. Next, equally against my will, I loved you! Nay, do not start. It is as well to put the matter plainly."

"You did not *love* me," said I; "you were but kind to me, the unworthy son of the Executioner of Thorn. Out of your good heart you did it."

I acknowledge that I spoke like a paltering knave, but in truth I knew not what to say.

"I loved you—yes, and I love you!" she said, as though my words had been the twittering of a bird on the roof. "And I am not ashamed. There was no reason for my folly—no beauty, no desirableness in you. But—I loved you. Pass! Let it be. We will begin from there. You loved, or thought you loved, a maid—your playmate. Pshaw! you loved her not. Or not as I count love. I was proud, accustomed to command, and a Prince's wife. The last doubtless should have held me apart. Yet my princessdom was but as straw bands cast into the fire to bind the flame. As for you, Hugo Gottfried, you were in love with your success, your future, and most of all with your confident, insolent self."

She spoke bitterly, and because the thing she spoke was partly true, I had nothing to answer her.

"Hugo Gottfried," she said, "try to remember if when we rode to Plassenburg in the pleasant weather of that old spring you loved this girl whom now you love."

"Aye," said I, "I loved her then, even as I love her now."

"You lie," she answered—calmly, not as one in anger, but as one who makes a necessary correction; "you loved her not. You were ready to love me—glad too that I should love you. And since you knew not then of my rank, it was not done for the sake of any advancement in Plassenburg."

I felt again the great disadvantage I was under in speaking to the Lady Ysolinde. I never had a word to say but she could put three to it. My speeches ever sounded empty, selfish, vain, beside hers. And so was it ever. By deeds alone could I vanquish her, and perhaps by a certain dogged masculine persistence.

"Princess," I said to her, "you have asked me to meet you here. It is not of the past, nor of likings, imaginings, recriminations, that I must speak. My love, my sister, my playmate, bound to me by a thousand ancient tendernesses, lies in prison in this city of Thorn, under sentence of a cruel death. Will you help me to release her? I think that with your father, and therefore with you, is the power to open her prison doors."

"And what is there then for me?" cried the Lady Ysolinde, instantly, bending her head forward, her emerald eyes so great and deep that their shining seemed to cover all her face as a wave covers a rock at flood-tide.

"What for me?" she repeated, in the silence which followed.

"For you," said I, "the gladness to have saved an innocent life."

"Tush!" she said, with a gesture of extravagant contempt. "You mistake; I am no good-deeds-monger, no give my bread and butter to the next beggar-woman. I tell you I am the woman who came first out of the womb of Mother Earth. I will yield only that which is snatched from me. What is mine is more mine than another's, because I would suffer, dare, sin, defy a world of men and women, in order to keep it, to possess it."

"But," I answered, "who am I that so great a lady should love me? What am I to you, Princess, more than another?"

"*That* I know not!" she answered, swiftly. "Only God knows that. Perhaps it is my curse, my punishment. My husband is a far better, truer, nobler man than you, Hugo. I know it; but what of that, when I love him not? Love goes not by the rungs in a step-ladder; stands not with the most noble on the highest step; is not bestowed, like the rewards in a child's school, to the most deserving. I love you, Hugo Gottfried, it is true. But I wish a thousand times that I did not. Nevertheless, I do! Therefore make your reckoning with that, and put aside puling shams and whimpering subterfuges."

This set me all on edge, and I asked a question:

"What, then, do you propose? Where shall this comedy end?"

"End!" she said—"end! Aye, of course, men must ever look to an end. Women are content with a continuance. That you should love me and keep on loving me, that is all I want!"

"But," I began, "I—"

"Ah, do not say it!" she cried, pitifully, clasping her hands with a certain swift appeal in her voice—"do not say it! For God's sake, for the sake of innocent blood, do not say that you love me not!"

She paused a moment, and grew more pensive as she looked stilly and solemnly at me.

"I will tell you the end that I see; only be patient, and answer not before I have done. I have seen a vision; thrice have I seen it. Karl of Plassenburg, my husband, shall die. I have seen the black cloak thrice envelop him. It is the sign. No man hath ever escaped that omen—aye, and if I choose, it shall wrap him about speedily. More; I have seen you sit on the throne of Plassenburg and of the Mark with a Princess by your side. It is not only my fancy. Even as in the old time I read your present fortune, so, for good or ill, this thing also is coming to you."

She never took her eyes from my face.

"Now listen well and speak slowly. The Princedom and the power shall both fall to me when my husband dies. There are none other hands capable. So also is it arranged in his will. Here"—she broke off suddenly, as, with a gesture of infinite surrender, she thrust out her white hands towards me—"here is my kingdom and me. Take us both, for we are yours—yours—yours!"

I took her hands gently in mine and kissed them.

"Lady, Lady Ysolinde," I said, "you honor me; you overwhelm me. I know not what to say. But think! The Prince is well, full of health and the hope of years. This thought of yours is but a vision, a delusion—how can we speak of the thing that is not?"

"I wait your answer," she said, leaving her hands still in mine; but now as it were on sufferance. Then, indeed, I was torn between the love that I had in my heart for my dear and the need of pleasing the Lady Ysolinde, between the truth and my desire to save Helene. Almost it was in my heart to declare that I loved the Lady Ysolinde, and to promise that I should do all that she asked. But though, when need was, I have lied back and forth in my time and thought no shame, something stuck in my throat now, and I felt that if I denied my love, who lay prison-bound that night, I should never come within the mercy of God, but be forever alien and outcast from any commonwealth of honorable men.

"I cannot, Lady Ysolinde," I answered at last. "The love of the little maid hath so grown into my heart that I cannot root it out at a word. It is here, and it fills all my life!"

Again she interrupted me. "See!" she said, speaking eagerly; "they tell me this your Helene is an angel of mercy to the sick. She will be content to give her life to works of good intent among the poor. This cannot be life and death to her, as it is to me. Her love is not as the love of a woman like Ysolinde. It is not for any one man, though you may deceive yourself and think that it will be fixed and centred on you. But she will never love you as I love you. See, I would kneel to you, pray to you on my knees, make myself a suppliant—I, Ysolinde, that am a princess. With you, Hugo, I have no pride, no shame. I would take your love by violence, as a man surpriseth and taketh the heart of a maid."

She was now all trembling and distract, her lips red, her eyes bright, her hands clasped and trembling.

"Lady Ysolinde, I would that this were not so," I began.

A quick spasm passed over her face. I think it came across her that my heart was wavering. "God knows that I am not worth all this!"

"Nay," she said, with a kind of joy in her voice and in her eyes, "that matters not. Ysolinde of Plassenburg is as a child that must have its toy or die. Worthiness has no more to do with love than creeds and dogmas. Love me—Hugo—love me even a little. Put me not away. I will be so true, so willing. I will run your errands, wait on you, stand behind you in battle, in council lead you to fame and great glory. For you, Hugo, I will watch the faces of others, detect your enemies, mark the failing favor of your friends. What heart so strong, what eye so keen, as mine? For the greater the love, the sharper the eye to mark, prevent, countermine. And this maid, so cold and icy, so full of good works and the abounding fame of saintliness—let her live for the healing of the people, for love of God and man both, an it liketh her. She shall be abbess of our greatest convent. She shall indeed be the Saint Helene of the North. I will save her from death and give her refuge. I promise it. I have the power in my hands. Only do you, Hugo Gottfried, give me your love, your life, your passion!"

She was standing before me now, and had her arms about my neck. Her eyes looked directly up into mine, and whether they were the eyes of an angel or of a tempting fiend I could not tell. Very lovely, at any rate, they were, and might have tempted even Saint Anthony to sin.

"Ysolinde," I said, "it is small wonder that I am strongly moved; you have offered me great things to-night. I feel my heart very humble and unworthy. I deserve not your love. I am but a man, a soldier, dull and slow. Were it not for a man and a woman it should be as you say. But Karl of Plassenburg is my good master, my loyal friend. Helene is my true love. I beseech you put this thought from you, dear lady, and be once more my true Princess, I your liege subject—faithful, full of reverence and devotion, till life shall end."

As I spoke she drew herself away from me. My hand had unconsciously rested on her hair, for at first she had leaned her head towards me. When I had finished she took my hand by the wrist and gripped it as if she would choke a snake. I knew that our interview was at an end.

"Go!" she commanded, pointing to the door. "One day you shall know how precious is the love you have so lightly cast aside. In a dark, dread hour you, Hugo Gottfried, shall sue as a suppliant. And I shall deny you. There shall come a day when you shall abase yourself even as you have seen Ysolinde the Princess abase herself to Hugo, the son of the Red Axe of the Wolfmark. Go, I tell you! Go, ere I slay you with my knife!"

And she flashed a keen blade from some recess of her silken serpentine dress.

"My lady, hear me," I pleaded; "out of the depths of my heart I protest to you—"

"Bah!" she cried, with a sudden uprising of tigerish fierceness in her eyes, quick as the glitter of her steel. "Go, I tell you, ere I be tempted to strike you. *Your heart!* Why, man, there is nothing in your heart but empty words out of monks' copy-books, and proverbs dry and rotten as last year's back leaves. Ye have seen me abased. By the lords of hell, I will abase you, Executioner's son. Aye, and you yourself, Hugo Gottfried, shall work out in flowing blood and bitter tears the doom of the pale trembling girl for whom you have rejected and despised Ysolinde, Princess of Plassenburg."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE RED AXE DIES STANDING UP.

How I stumbled down the stairs and found myself outside the house in the Weiss Thor I do not know. Whether the servitor, Sir Respectable, showed me out or not has quite passed from me. I only remember that I found myself waiting outside the gate of Bishop Peter's palace, ringing at a bell, which sounded ghostly, tinkling like a cracked kettle behind the door.

The lattice clicked, and a face peeped out.

"Get hence, night-raker!" cried a voice. "Wherefore do you come here so untimeously, profaning the holy quiet of our minster close?"

"There was no very holy calm in the kitchen t'other night, Peter Swinehead!" said I, my wits coming back to me at the familiar sound.

"Ha, Sir Blackamoor, 'tis you; surely your face has grown strangely white, or are my eyes serving me foully in the torch-light?"

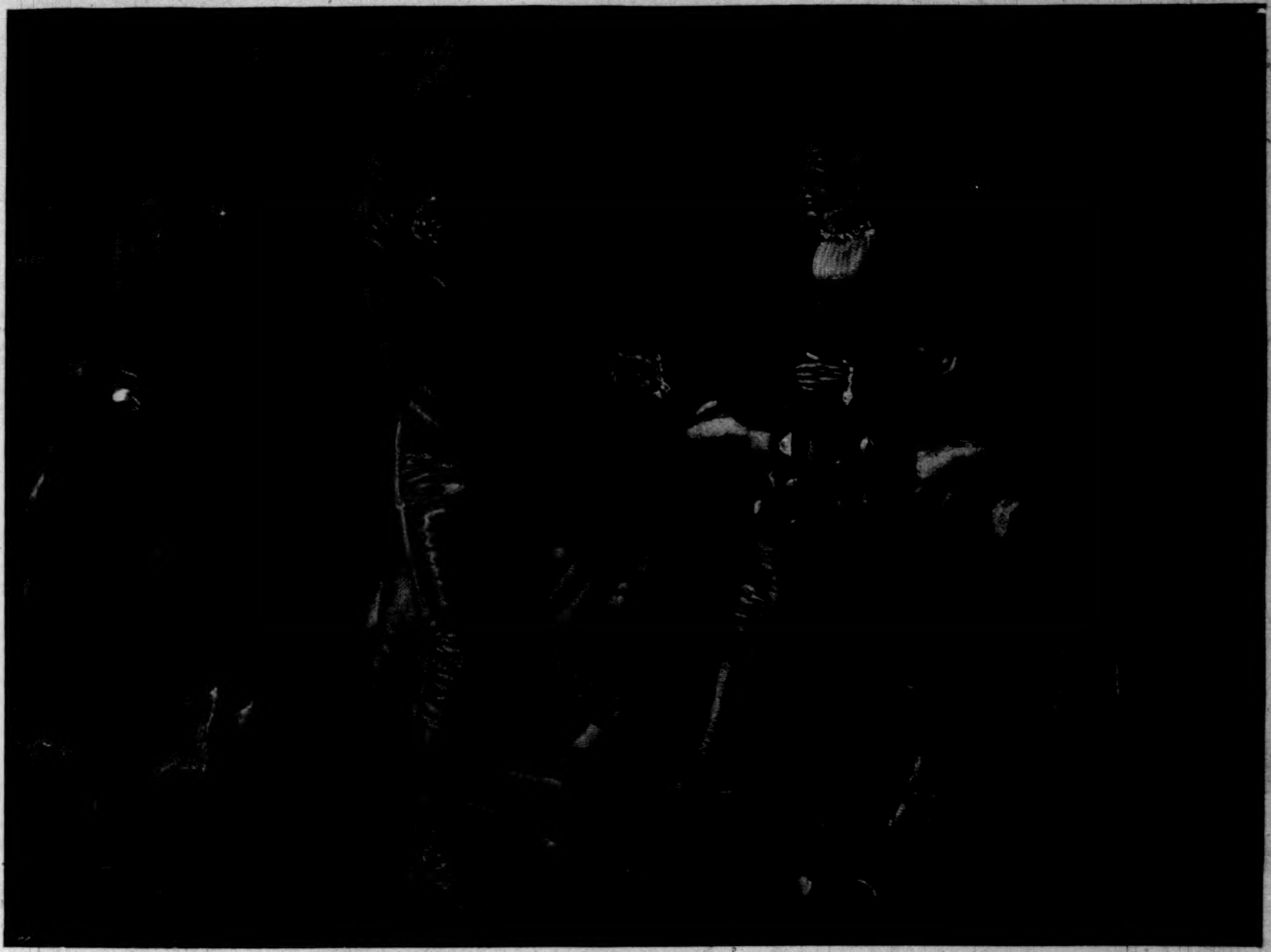
Instinctively I covered as much of my face as I could with my cloak's cape, for indeed I had washed it ere I went forth to see the Lady Ysolinde.

"'Tis that you have slipped too much of the Rhenish down thy gullet, old comrade," said I, slapping Peter on the back, and getting before him so that he might remark nothing more.

At that, being well pleased with my calling him comrade, he lighted me cordially to my chamber, and there left me to the sleepless meditation of the night.

The next day was one of great quietness in the city of Thorn. An uneasy, sultry pause of silence brooded over the city. Men's heads showed a moment at door and window, looked furtively up and down the street, and then vanished again within. Plots were being hatched and plans laid in Thorn; yet while there was the lowering silence in the city, the Wolfsberg hummed gayly like a hive. Once I went up that way to see if I could win any news of my father. But this day the door into the Red Tower stood closed, nor would any within open for all my knocking. So perforce I had to return unsatisfied. I went several times to the Weiss Thor to spy the horizon round for the troops of Plassenburg. But only the gray plain of the Mark stretched itself out, so far as the eye could penetrate—hardly a reeking chimney to be seen, or any token of the pleasant rustic life of man, such as in my youth I remembered to have seen from the Red Tower. Beneath me the city of Thorn lay grimly, like a beast of prey which has eaten all its neighbors, and must

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



"GOD! GOD!" HE CRIED. "I WILL SEE MY JUDGE FACE TO FACE; I AM NOT AFRAID! I WILL DIE STANDING UP!"

now die of starvation because there are no more to devour.

The day passed on feet that crept like those of a tortoise, the sullen minutes dragging by, leaden-clogged and tardy. But the evening came at last. And with it, knocking at the door of the Bishop's quadrangle, and interrupting my long talk with Dessauer, lo! a messenger, hot-foot from the castle.

"To the learned Doctor and his servant, Gottfried Gottfried in death's utmost extremities sends greeting, and desires greatly to have speech with them."

My father's message in the hour where he had seen so many! Yet I was but little surprised. There was no wonder in the fact, save the wonder that it should all seem so natural. Dessauer rose quickly.

"I will go with you," he said; "it will be safer. For I can keep the door while you speak with your father."

So, without further word, we followed the messenger up the long, narrow, wooden-gabled street, and heard the folk muttering gloomily in the darkness within, or talking softly in the russet glow of their hearth fires. For there were but few candles lighted in Thorn that night. And I wondered how near or how far from us the men of Plassenburg might be encamping, and thrilled to think that any moment a spy might ride in to warn Duke Otho of the near approach of his foe.

But so far all was quiet at the Red Tower. The wicket gate in the angle of the wall was open, and we passed in without difficulty. As I mounted the stairs I heard the key turn behind us. Obviously, therefore, we were expected. The gate of the Red Tower had been left open for our entrance. And so soon as the birds were in the snare it was shut, and the silly goslings trapped.

We climbed up and up the dark stairs, till we came to the door of my father's garret. I pushed it open without knocking and entered.

"The most learned the Doctor Schmidt," I announced, lest there should be some stranger in the room. And indeed my precaution was necessary enough. For from my father's bed-head, disengaging himself reluctantly, like a disturbed vulture flapping up from the side of a dying steer, Friar Laurence rose out of the darkness, and folding his robe about him, stalked to the door without a word to either of us. I stood holding the edge of it till I had watched him well down the stairs. Then Dessauer relieved me at the stair-head as I went to approach my father.

I saw a change in him, very startling, indeed, to see. "In the uttermost extremity" he was, indeed. A ghastly pallor overspread his face; his eyes were wild, his breathing both quick and hard. The fire-light cast flickering lights over his face and on the outlines of his lank figure under the scarlet mantle which had been cast over him. One corner of it was cast aside, as if for air or coolness, and I could see a thing which gave me a cold chill in the marrow of my spine.

My father wore the dress which he only donned when some poor soul was about to die and pay the forfeit.

At first Gottfried took no notice of me whatever, but lay looking at the ceiling, his lips muttering steadily, though what the words were I could not hear.

"Father," I said at last, bending over him gently, "I have come to see you."

He turned to me as if suddenly and regretfully summoned back from very far away. It was a movement I had seen in many dying men. He looked at me, a strange, luminous comprehension growing in his eyes.

"Hugo," he said, "you have come home! The Little Playmate has come home too. We three will make a merry party in the old Red Tower. We have not been all together for so long. Lord Christ, but I have been much alone! Hugo, why did you leave me so long? Ah, well! I do not blame you, my son. You have been pushing your fortunes, doubtless, and you have, so they tell me, become a great man in Plassenburg. And the little maid is a lady of honor, and very fair to see. But now you two have come like birds homing to the nest."

"Yes, father," I said to him, "we have both come home to you, the Little Playmate and I. And now you will give us your blessing."

"The Little Playmate—say rather the little Princess," he cried, cheerfully, as, with the air of one who brings good tidings, he sat up in bed. Then he pointed to a chair on which a pillow had carelessly been flung. "Little maid," he said, looking at the cushion as if it had been Helene, "I am glad you have come back to be wedded to my boy. That was like you. I ever wished it, indeed. But I never expected to see my children thus happy. Yet I always knew you and Hugo were made for one another. You are at your sewing, little maid. Well, 'tis natural. I mind me when my own love sat making dainties of just such delicate wreathed whiteness."

He paused; and then, his countenance changing, he looked fearfully and fixedly at the chair.

"But, little maid, my own Helene," he cried, in a loud, gasping, alarmed tone, "what is this, best beloved? Why, you are sewing at a shroud! Surely such funeral suits become not bridals. A shroud—and there is blood upon it. Put it down—*put it down*, I pray you!"

The red flames on the fire crackled suddenly up about the black log, and cast dancing shadows on his face.

"Lie down and rest, dear father," I said softly to him; "the Little Playmate is not here. I, Hugo, your son, am alone beside you."

"Hugo," he said, passing a lean arm about me, "my good son, my brave boy! You will be kind to the little Princess. She loves you. There is no man so beloved as you in all the city of Thorn. Many would have loved her besides Otho. Ah, but I threw him out of the window there. I threw a Grand-Duke out of a window! Ha! ha! it was the bravest jest!"

He laughed a little, as at a tale that will bear infinite repetition. "I, Gottfried Gottfried, threw a proximate reigning Prince out of the window. How Casimir laughed! The thing pleased him well. And the little maid, do you remember her, Hugo? How she would teach me, the Red Axe of Thorn, how to dance that first night, and how totteringly she carried the Red Axe? The little one took heart that night. She will have a happy future, I know; so blessed, far away from this dark damned place of the Wolfsberg. I am glad she is not here to see me die. That is a sight for men, not for fair young loving women."

"Hush, my father," I said, touching his dank brow; "you are not going to die. You will yet live to be strong and well—a man among men."

For one tells these things to dying men. And they smile and pass us by, amused at our childish ignorance, as you and I shall one day do to others. And even thus did my father.

"Nay, Hugo, I am sped," he answered. "This night ends all. The door I have oped for so many is opening from within for me. God's mercy be on a sinful man! Ere the light of to-morrow's dawn the Duke's Justicer must face the Tribunal that has no assessor and no court of appeal."

He threw back the cloak which served as a mantle, and crying, "Give me your hand, Hugo!" Gottfried Gottfried staggered to his feet.

"I will die standing up," he said, bending his brows and gazing about him uncertainly. He pointed to the walls of the garret. The fire was flickering low, but still making the place light enough. There, beside the bed, was the Red Axe, with its shining edge undimmed, leaning against the block. There across it was the crimson bar mask, which was nevermore to bind his eyes as he did the office of dread.

"Do you see them, son Hugo?" he cried, leaning heavily on my shoulder and pointing with his finger; "they are gibbering at me, mowing, processioning by, and pointing mockingly at me. Do you hear them laughing? That horrid one there with his head under his arm—laughing as if there were no God! But I am not afraid. Mercy of Jesu! Hath God Himself no Justicer, that He should punish me because I have fulfilled my charge. I have all my life been merciful, ever giving the blow of mercy first, and the drop of stupefaction before the Extreme Question. Hence, fiends! Shapes inhuman, torment me not! For I was merciful to you and never struck twice. I *will* die standing up. The devil shall not fright me, nor all his angels!

"God Himself shall not fright me! I appeal to His judgment throne! Get hence, accusing spirits! I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat. Give me the axe, boy. I will cut down the evil; I will spare the good. Here is the Red Axe, my son. Take it! Strike with it strong and well. Strike, strike, and spare not!"

Totteringly he handed me the axe, and clasping his hands, he stood looking up.

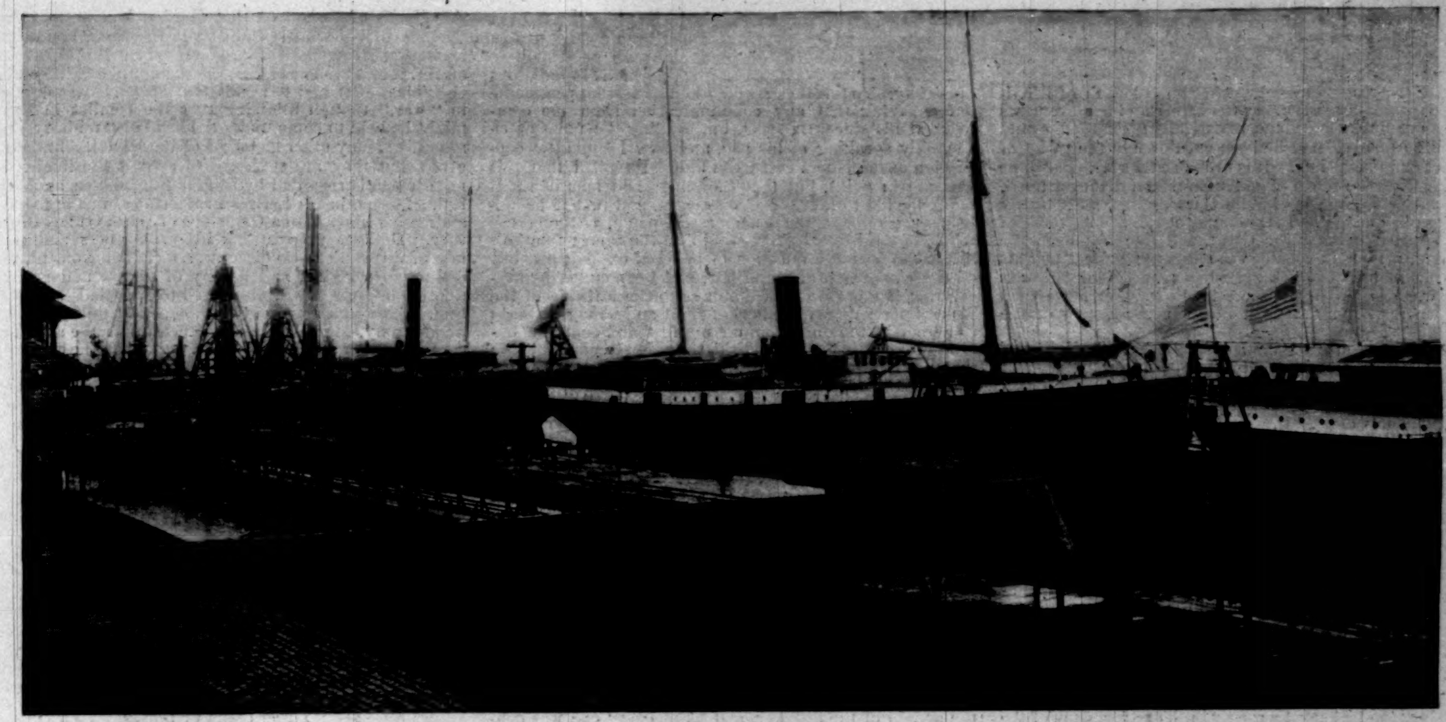
"God! God!" he cried. "I will see my Judge face to face; I am not afraid! I will die standing up!"

And in this manner, even as I tell it, died Gottfried Gottfried, a strong man, with his hands clasped, standing up and not afraid. And these arms received him, as, being dead, he fell headlong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP BLACK, HEMPSTEAD PLAINS.—DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE.

1. A Train-load of Visitors. 2. Showing his Sisters around Camp. 3. "Mewsic!"—a private Rehearsal by a Member of the Band. 4. On the Road to the Camp. 5. The View from Headquarters. 6. Company Drills.



UNITED STATES TRANSPORTS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA, WAITING TO CARRY TROOPS TO CUBA.

REGIMENTAL RESERVE—"THE COLOR OF THE REGIMENT JOINS THE RESERVE."

"ADVANCE BY RUSHES!"

VOLLEY-FIRING BY SQUAD—"FIRE!"

ON THE FIRING-LINE.

EXTENDED-ORDER DRILL OF 5TH U. S. INFANTRY, TAMPA, FLORIDA.

9TH U. S. INFANTRY IN LINE, TAMPA, FLORIDA.

WITH THE U. S. REGULARS AT TAMPA AND PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.

GLADSTONE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

Mr. Gladstone is dead. After such length of life, it is perhaps possible to survey his career and achievements with more impartiality and historical justice than would have been possible had he been cut down in the midst of conflict or in his prime. It is probable that Mr. Gladstone was the finest specimen of an Anglo-Saxon that ever lived. His soul was pure; his intellect unequalled; his bodily powers phenomenal. In the course of the life now ended he became, like Peter the Great, and like Napoleon the Corsican, a man in whom were incarnate the thoughts and wills of millions of human beings. This democratic force was centred in him, and he in it. For more than two generations he made it throb in the history of the world.

The incarnation of the modern spirit, the embodiment of freedom, with a passionate love for justice to nations and classes held in the firm stricture of despotism, Mr. Gladstone has left his mark upon the nineteenth century as no other man has done. Unlike Peter the Great or Napoleon, Mr. Gladstone complied, throughout the whole of his life, with the moral law. Even in those episodes of his career wherein he has been most bitterly denounced, no one competent of forming a just judgment of his motives can deny that he possessed nobility of aim. I will give an example.

As events have turned out, the English surrender of the Transvaal was probably unwise. Certainly it produced in England the bitterest feeling of humiliation and national wounded pride—a feeling in which I have always shared.

After my first visit to South Africa, when the opportunity was afforded me of seeing much of those who had suffered for their loyalty to England, this feeling of shame and indignation was redoubled. Firmly believing that Mr. Gladstone had acted wrongly in the retrocession of the Transvaal, I returned to England with the conviction that his South African policy was governed by motives of political expediency. It was in that frame of mind that I met Mr. Gladstone, in a country house, on Easter-Monday, 1886. I shall never forget the first serious conversation I had with him. He introduced the subject by referring to my recent visit to Africa. Believing that an opportunity had arisen not to be missed, I said to him, speaking in the interests of my countrymen and countrywomen who had lost their all by reposing faith in England's promise that the British flag should never be hauled down so long as the sun was in the heavens, "Sir, I think, if you had been, as I have been, in the homes of those Englishmen and loyal Dutch Boers who have been ruined for no greater fault than a foolish confidence in Great Britain—I think your cabinet would not have surrendered the Transvaal."

Taking me by the arm, and with his marvellous onyx eyes blazing with indignation, he gazed out of the window at the sky and the budding trees, and spoke for nearly twenty minutes, in a low, rich voice. He raised his arm with the gesture with which a lion raises his paw, and I realized, for the first time, the greatness of the man.

What he said, in effect, was this: "We have given back the Transvaal to its owners because it was acquired from them by fraud. A small country, a mean country, a country less sure of itself, could not have done this thing. Perhaps England alone, with her eight hundred years of history behind her, could have dared to do this act. To have done it shows the greatness, not the smallness, of England. The common people wished it. They hate injustice; they refuse to profit by fraud. The common people are always right. They were right in Macedonia; they were right in Judea;" and then he added, with a sweep of his arm so vehement that I thought he was about to crush me, "they are right now." He said a great deal more on the subject, to which I will not refer, but he burnt in upon my soul the conviction that it required less courage to destroy the Boers than to face the hatred and the contumely of those Englishmen who believed that the honor of their country had been outraged.

Mr. Gladstone, nevertheless, did not convince me of the rectitude of the policy he had adopted, and on cool reflection afterwards I detected much misty, if noble, generality in his arguments. However, that is not in question at the present time. What I want to bring out is the fact that to one who has always been, and still is, opposed to the policy of the Transvaal retrocession, Mr. Gladstone succeeded, completely and generously, in convincing him that this much-debated act was an act of courage, not an act of cowardice; the act of a great man who believed in the possibility of national Christianity, not the act of a mere politician who sought to derive party gain from the pusillanimous betrayal of a proud people.

The next time that I encountered Mr. Gladstone was over a very different matter. After considerable searchings of heart, and a few weeks' investigation of the Irish question in Ireland, I came to the conclusion that, as I knew nothing whatever about it, I could not do better, as a candidate for Parliament, than to follow my Liberal friends, whose good sense and patriotism I had then no reason to doubt. When I stood for Mile-End, in the election of 1886, I did so because I was interested in social reform, having seen a great deal of the misery of the poorer English, especially those who were inarticulate, because, being voteless, politicians did not flatter, consult, or please them. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone helped my candidature. The Grand Old Man wrote me a valuable letter for publication, lent me his carriage on the day of the election, and Mrs. Gladstone herself attended one of my political meetings, and brought with her a written message from her husband. Although this had a great effect on the electors, I was defeated, and shall never forget the impression, on the night of my defeat, of hearing a hundred thousand throats in the Mile-End road singing "God save the Queen," as though the result of the election was the defeat of a rebel by a loyalist.

Nearly two years afterwards, when Mr. Gladstone had been ejected from office, and the Plan of Campaign had been started, I was sorely exercised in my mind, along with thousands of others, as to the honesty of a device which might conduce to the political advantage of the Liberal party, but seemed to me contrary to the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." I accordingly wrote to Mr. Gladstone, the day after a speech of his in which he had, to my horror, condoned the Plan of Campaign, and told him of my thoughts. I asked him if he was not too proud to profit by a plan which had been condemned as immoral by Rome, and denounced by all good men as contrary to every principle that supports the foundations of Society. To this he answered in a somewhat passionate letter, saying that any communication from me commanded his sincere respect, but evading the point at issue, only speaking of his age, and how I had little conception of the labors cast upon him. I replied that this was not in point, but that thousands and tens of thousands looked to him for a conscience, and that if he upheld or condoned the Plan of Campaign, virtually the whole of the Liberal party would do the same; that this seemed to be not a question of political expediency, but of conscience and of moral law, and I concluded by saying that if there was any doubt as to the attitude of the Liberal party upon questions of right and wrong, I would rather shake the dust from off my feet and court the obscurity of political death. To this letter Mr. Gladstone again sent a reply, fencing with the question, and saying that if I would examine his language again, I should see that it was marked by no want of care. It was characteristic of Mr. Gladstone that he himself brought the letter to my club, and left it with strict injunctions to the hall porter to give it to me as soon as possible. I again replied, and said that I was not satisfied. He once more rejoined, again delivering his own letter. Then the correspondence closed, after my asking and being refused permission to publish it in its entirety. Now that years have elapsed, and Mr. Gladstone has gone, there can be no harm in saying that his capacity for making himself honestly believe that which he wished to believe was equalled by few and excelled by none since the creation of the world.

Of his wonderful detachment of mind, I will give another example. On July 27, 1893, when the historic fight between the Irish and the Conservatives took place on the floor of the House, before order was restored by the arrival of the Speaker, and while every one was convulsed with excitement, Mr. Gladstone went to the back of the Speaker's chair. Every one believed him to be overwhelmed with emotion. This was not the case. Meeting Sir Edward Reed, one of our great naval constructors, he engaged that gentleman in conversation on the subject of the stability of one of the recently launched men-of-war. The conversation was placidly continued, until the arrival of the Speaker, when Mr. Gladstone returned to the Treasury Bench to explain to the First Commoner of England the reason why the House had misconducted itself like the rowdy Fourth Form of a country school. Nero fiddling while Rome burned was not to be compared with Mr. Gladstone's thirst for information on the subject of naval architecture while the Mother of Parliaments was conducting herself like a drunken quean!

Mr. Gladstone would have made an ideal War Minister in any conflict with a foreign nation in which he believed that moral right was on the side of England. And yet he hated war with a depth of passionate conviction that proceeded from the large humanity of the man. The real reason why English Society hated "Mr. G."—as he was always called—I believe arose from his conception of the paramount claims of humanity, as opposed to the narrower issue of merely national or local interests. The aristocracy of a country is necessarily composed of those who are linked with the prosperity of the nation. When, therefore, in the interests of morality, Mr. Gladstone surrendered a province without fighting, as in the case of the Transvaal, or attempted to disintegrate the empire by handing over the sister island to a set of gentlemen who, to say the least of it, were not skilled financiers, or possessed of a superfluity of this world's goods, Society was as unwilling as unable to perceive the nobility of the motive that underlay the great man's action. That Society detested and dreaded Mr. Gladstone every one who met him in Society between the years 1886 and 1893, would be able to attest. The real injury that Mr. Gladstone inflicted upon his countrymen was that of confusing their minds as to the difference between right and wrong, between black and white, and between yes and no. With his vast theological experience and almost superhuman intellect, sedulously cultivated to such a point that the process of education was continued almost to the day of his death, he was able to perceive differences imperceptible to ordinary men; to justify paradoxes with a skill denied to less subtle intellects, and to rival the ingenuity of Escobar, Sanchez, Vasquez, and other lights of the historic Order of Jesus.

Of all men of the Victorian era, Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, was best acquainted with the theological side of Mr. Gladstone's character. His capacity for delicate refinements of language was often referred to in conversations I have had with his Eminence. Cardinal Manning believed Mr. Gladstone's intellect to be more remarkable for subtlety than for strength; but it must be remembered that the rarer side of Mr. Gladstone's mind was that chiefly exposed to the late Cardinal. This may be seen from the extraordinary Life of his Eminence which excited so much attention a few years ago.

One of the most extraordinary aspects of Mr. Gladstone's mind was its many-sidedness. To those who take a worm's-eye view of one of the greatest men of our race, Mr. Gladstone is a monument of inconsistency. Foolish consistency, however, is the bugbear of a weak mind. There is at least superficial justification for belief in Mr. Gladstone's inconsistency. He began as Tory member for Newark, then became a moderate Conservative, lapsing into Whiggery when member for Oxford University, then assuming the Liberal garb as member for Southwest Lancashire, only leaving an English county constituency to become Radical member for Greenwich, and finally shaking the dust of England from off his political feet to join the Celtic fringe, he ended his Parliamentary days as home-rule member for Midlothian, finding his political associates among men who were neither morally nor intellectually worthy of him. As one who believes that during the last ten years of his life Mr. Gladstone inflicted indirect but almost irreparable mischief upon his country, I can only record my conviction that in each successive change of political view Mr. Gladstone was animated by honest conviction, and that during the whole course of his life he never consciously trifled with fact. With a mind capable not only of splitting hairs, but of dividing them in filaments still finer, Mr. Gladstone has always revelled in imperceptible differences. In the celebrated discussion about the first Nile expedition, Mr. Gladstone denied in the House of Commons that Gordon in Khartoum was "hemmed in," while admitting in the same breath that he was "surrounded" by the forces of the Mahdi. Again, on the bombardment of Alexandria, and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, he refused to admit that England was engaged in "war," though allowing that the conflict in Egypt might be held to come under the head of "military operations." Many other instances of the same kind might be given, but they are sufficient to exhibit the intellectual note which is regarded by insular Englishmen as Jesuitical. Pascal, in his *Lettres Provinciales*, was apparently addressing himself to a Gladstone of the seventeenth century. Delicate yet scathing irony, lightness and keenness of thrust, Socratic directness, incisive argument, wedded to perfect grace and felicity of phrase and rare distinction of style, always belonged to Mr. Gladstone at his best. Although master of the weapon of grave and temperate irony, Mr. Gladstone writhed under the attacks of men immeasurably his inferiors. Perhaps the verdict of history will be that his sufferings under castigation arose from the fact that only too often his antagonists had truth on their side. Mr. Gladstone has often been the target of eloquent and sometimes of sublime denunciation, but he never appeared to surrender the absolute conviction that he was not only morally and logically in an impregnable position, but that Almighty God was with him in all he undertook, and that therefore his opponents were more than sunk in political error—they were guilty of blasphemy against the Most High.

On the subject of Mr. Gladstone's omniscience much has been written. I had the opportunity of conversing on the subject with two of his friends, the late Lord Tennyson and the late Cardinal Manning. On two or three occasions I have heard Lord Tennyson declare that Mr. Gladstone acquired a reputation for universal knowledge, which, if not fictitious, was based on the reverence paid by those ignorant of a subject to one able to discourse freely upon it. For example, said Lord Tennyson: "Mr. Gladstone knows little about either china or horses. To a collector of china he appears to have the most remarkable knowledge of equine affairs. To china maniacs, however well versed in the history of pottery of all ages, he seems to be a Homeric scholar past compare. Scholars, however, who had passed their lives in studying the Homeric Legend, and were steeped in Greek lore to their fingers' ends, profoundly believed that Mr. Gladstone's conversation on Palissy-ware or old Worcester, on Chinese Sang de Bœuf or on old Dresden, contained the last word to be said on those subjects.

During the whole of the home-rule controversy Lord Tennyson's language on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's foreign and domestic policy, which he deemed unpatriotic to the last degree, was marked by vigorous disapproval. In fact, I have seldom heard one great man speak of another with the directness and freedom used by the late Poet Laureate in reference to Mr. Gladstone. His last public utterance, however, more accurately represents his real feelings: "I love Mr. Gladstone, but I hate his policy."

After a separation of some years, Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone were brought together at the house of a common friend. At first Lord Tennyson preserved a more or less gloomy silence, but as dinner progressed, he succumbed to the witchery of conversation which has immeshed thousands of hearers in its mysterious power. In the course of the evening the two "old men eloquent" fraternized, recalled old times, and finally parted friends. On retiring to bed that night, Lord Tennyson said to his son, in a gruff voice, "I am sorry I have said all I have said against the fellow." "You will again, father," was the reply.

Among officials and subordinates Mr. Gladstone had the name of being a warm friend, but a bitter and unrelenting foe. The late Lord Rosmead, better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, perhaps the most capable and experienced of the proconsuls regularly trained in the English colonial service, has often expatiated to me on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's unrelenting memory of those who were so unfortunate as to oppose his path. Lord Rosmead himself considered that his career had been arrested by an episode of the kind. However this may be, it is indisputable that Mr. Gladstone was a great ruler of men, although perhaps not wholly gifted with the quality that enables great rulers wisely to choose their instruments. Being a great man, he was necessarily constrained to be what smaller men might term unscrupulous. I do not believe that Mr. Gladstone was ever consciously unscrupulous; but the man who honestly perceived a wide chasm between such terms as "hemmed in" and "surrounded," and who furthermore convinced himself that he was the agent of Almighty God, could scarcely be expected to consider himself in the wrong when divergence of opinion occurred with a subordinate.

In personal dealing Mr. Gladstone was quickly roused. The hawklike features—which induced a witty lady, during his last illness, to describe him as "a sick eagle"—became more strongly marked, his voice more resonant, his utterance majestic, and the magnificent onyx eyes would flash and glow.

In general society perhaps the most engaging quality of Mr. Gladstone was his old-world courtesy to every one. It was not put on or put off. It was invariable, universal, and consistent. He had the ceremonious manner of the old school. Towards intellectual inferiors his manner was deferential; careless observers might regard his humility as assumed, or even as hypocritical. It was nothing of the kind. Mr. Gladstone lived in the presence of the unseen. Like the Puritans of old, he saw the hand of God in all the events of life. To him earthly distinctions were of no account. Did he not refuse an earldom? On the rich and the eloquent, on the nobles and dignitaries, he looked down with contempt, for he was rich in a treasure that thieves cannot break through nor steal; he was eloquent in a language revealed to him from on high; he was noble by the right of an earlier creation than any inscribed in the College of Arms, and the priesthood of his life was conferred by the imposition of a mightier Hand than the successor of St. Augustine. With this panoply of spiritual armor, which shut him off from the large majority of prosperous and worldly minds, he eagerly sought information from babes and sucklings. Nevertheless, he could not bear contradiction!

Before my first introduction to him I remember being told by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to be sure not to contradict the great man. The consequence of

this distaste for contradiction was that Mr. Gladstone, towards the end of his life, was surrounded only by fifth-rate people. His reliance on inferior, and not always ingenuous minds, repeatedly exposed him to discomfiture towards the close of his career. The well-known Dopping incident was a case in point.

But these blemishes could not interfere with the dignity, simplicity, and earnest piety of his daily conduct. Pure, consistent, and devoted, his long life remains a legacy of example, and presents an immortal spectacle of integrity to his race, and to humanity at large. I cannot do better in this connection than transcribe the letter written by him to the late Prince Albert Victor on the attainment of his majority. The Prince would have been King of England but for his untimely death.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, *January* 7, 1885.

SIR,—As the oldest among the confidential servants of her Majesty, I cannot allow the anniversary to pass without a notice which will to-morrow bring your Royal Highness to full age, and thus mark an important epoch in your life. The hopes and intentions of those whose lives lie, like mine, in the past, are of little moment; but they have seen much, and what they have seen suggests much for the future. There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation, I trust at a distant date, of a throne, which, to me at least, appears the most illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England.

I fervently desire and pray, and there cannot be a more animating prayer, that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct, and may be adorned with all the qualities, which correspond with this great and noble vocation.

And, sir, if sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which successors to the monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a bright example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew.

Heartily desiring that in the life of your Royal Highness every private and personal may be joined with every public blessing, I have the honor to remain, sir,

Your Royal Highness's most dutiful and faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone's detestation of the Turk, and the manner in which he flung himself, when over seventy years of age, into the agitation against Turkey, cannot be ignored in any review of his life. He suddenly quitted his library, forgot the studies that illuminated what he believed to be his closing years, and returned to the political arena with the vigor and enthusiasm of a thousand men in their prime. In the open air, rain or shine, he spoke with the vigor of Mr. Bryan. He published pamphlets; the horizon was dark with his denunciations of the Turk. He pushed aside Lord Hartington from his titular leadership of the Liberal party, and he won to his standard the militant Radical element.

By the Tories, the Whigs, and the plutocratic Liberals, Mr. Gladstone's action on the Midlothian campaign was attributed to mere ambition. It was nothing of the kind. This is not the place to discuss whether he was right or wrong. I believe he was wrong, but I am as sure as I am of my own existence that Mr. Gladstone was as purely animated by a sense of duty in 1880 as Henry Lawrence when he laid down his life in Fayrer's house at Lucknow.

Mr. Gladstone had the passion of humanity. The Sultanate and Pashadom are founded on a bed-rock of inhumanity. Mr. Gladstone held that the unit of the nation is the family; the mutual love of father, mother, and children, the purity of domestic life, was his ideal. The Turk is a polygamist, a voluptuary, a satyr. Mr. Gladstone, whose father was a slave-owner, was himself the friend of freedom. Slavery is an honored institution wherever the hoof of the Moslem leaves its print. Mr. Gladstone was a disciple of progress. The Yildiz Kiosk is the incarnation of blind reaction.

But, unless I am mistaken, there was another and a stronger reason which dragged Mr. Gladstone from his study at Hawarden. Decay of faith is a feature of our times. European Christianity is a byword, and is indistinguishable in many particulars from the paganism it has replaced. Christian institutions to Mr. Gladstone were not within the arena of political expediency. In default of another leader, he himself summoned to the standard of Christianity the faithful of all nations. In the Turk he saw the embodiment of the power of Antichrist. The advance of the Moslem meant the retrogression of Christ's kingdom. Misrepresentation, contumely, the imputation of base motives, fell from off Mr. Gladstone like rain from the granite crags of the Matterhorn. He threw himself into the fray more completely a crusader than the Knights of the Cross in the Middle Ages. It revolted his soul that the provinces of Christendom should be stained with the nameless infamy of Turkish rule. To him the struggle was between Christ and Antichrist, and he ranged himself on the Lord's side. This, I am convinced, is the real reason for Mr. Gladstone's emergence from private life in 1880, but we may have to wait for thirty or forty years before the truth on this subject is accurately known.

THE NAVY'S WEAPONS.

THE weapons of the United States navy are conceded to be the equals, and in many cases the superiors, of those in any foreign service. The following list gives the types of American naval ordnance, with the weights of the projectiles fired:

Calibre.	Weight of Projectile (lbs.).
13-inch	1100
12-inch	800
10-inch	500
8-inch	250
6-inch	100
5-inch	55
4-inch	33

Some of the 6-inch, and all of lesser calibres, are rapid-fire guns.

The powder charges are, roughly, about one-half the weight of the projectile.

The smaller guns composing the secondary batteries are one, three, six, and twelve pounders, mostly of the Hotchkiss and Driggs-Schroeder patterns. The machine-guns are of several patterns, including the Gatling, Colt, Hotchkiss, Maxim, and Maxim-Nordenfeldt.

The small-arms consist of the modified Lee magazine-rifle, calibre .236, and the Colt revolver, calibre .38.

The projectiles used are shells and shrapnel, the former being of two varieties, common and armor-piercing. Common shells are of cast steel, and are exploded by percussion fuses. Armor-piercing shells are of highly tempered steel, with specially hardened heads, to prevent them from breaking up on contact with armor. A small nose-cap is commonly put on the tip, to preserve the latter until it has entered the armor. Armor-piercing shells have no fuses, and are exploded by the heat engendered by the friction of piercing.

Nickel-sheathed bullets are used in the small-arm rifle, and ordinary lead bullets in the revolver.

Nearly all the torpedoes are of the Whitehead type, carrying 150 pounds of guncotton, and propelled by a gas-engine within, although there are a few Howell torpedoes, which are driven through the water by a fly-wheel rapidly revolving. Torpedoes are launched through the tubes on board ship by means of exploding a small charge of powder.

Sword bayonets are provided for the rifles, and cutlasses are still in use.

A HINT IN TIME.

Be calm, my friends, and let who will be frisky;
Do valiant deeds—not boast them—all day long.
Avoid tall talk, which smacks too much of whiskey,
And let your actions—not your words—be strong.

H. L.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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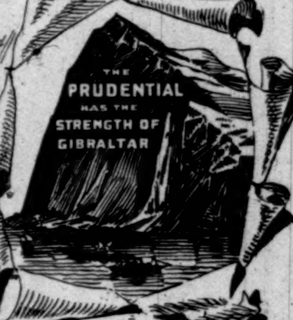

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A few days ago we acquired a very extraordinary lot of silks at a very extraordinary price. We put them on sale, without saying a word about them, and they were so pretty and so cheap that they sold like the proverbial "hot cakes," or, to use a more up-to-date comparison, like steam yachts in war time.

It occurred to us that these were exactly the kind of goods that would interest some of the many thousand friends with whom we have recently become acquainted through the mails; so, just in time, we withdrew a lot of the prettiest of the silks, and held them for your orders. Here they are—five lots of them, with plenty of choice in each, and samples of any and all waiting for your request.

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Very rich white Canale taffetas, white grounds, diversified with white satin stripes and colored "canale" stripes of green, heliotrope, gray, bluet, yellow, lavender, new red, or pink.

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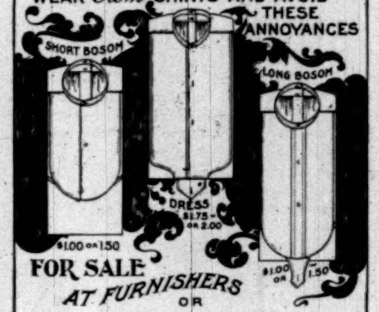

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PROFESSOR MALLET ON CIGARETTE SMOKING.

In a communication to the editor of the *Scientific American* on the subject of popular prejudice against cigarette smoking, J. W. Mallet, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, writes:

"The recent publication in your journal of the results of an examination by me of some brands of cigarettes in general use has led to my receiving a number of letters of inquiry, some in reference to the mode of making the examination, some in regard to the names of the brands examined, and others expressing some surprise at the results reported and seeking confirmation of the statements which have been published.

"The examination in question looked simply to ascertaining whether the cigarettes tested did or did not contain any traces of foreign adulterating materials alleged to be sometimes introduced by the manufacturers.

"The methods of testing were simple, well-approved, and easily applied, and the results were clear and positive. In such matters a competent chemist reaches conclusions which admit of no doubt or uncertainty, and the results reported are not opinions, but scientifically ascertained facts.

"It is the more remarkable that there should be any hesitation in accepting these conclusions, and that any credit should be given to the reckless assertion sometimes made as to the general adulteration of cigarettes with opium, etc., since numerous other analyses have before now been made by other trustworthy chemists, and in all cases the same general result has been recorded. I know of no scientific evidence to the contrary.

"It is, moreover, apparent to any unprejudiced person, competent to consider the facts, that such adulterations as have been alleged could only be made out of sheer perversity, and would be in plain contravention of the business interests of the manufacturers.

"Ignorance of easily ascertainable scientific facts is, however, common enough, as is often illustrated by the brown, oily material formed in the smoking of tobacco being pointed out as nicotine, though in reality this is merely the *tar* produced by the action of heat on the woody fibre of the leaf.

"Nicotine, when pure, is a colorless fluid of somewhat oily consistence and strong, peculiar, penetrating odor, but it darkens on exposure to air and light, becoming first yellow and then brown, so that it *looks*, in this darkened condition, something like the tarry matter which soils a smoker's fingers or a handkerchief through which tobacco smoke is exhaled, or is often noticed as deposited in the stem of a pipe. This tarry deposit has nothing essential in common with nicotine, and contains but traces of this alkaloid, when any at all. A part, but only a small part (about one-seventh in the experiments of Melsens), of the real nicotine of tobacco is volatilized without decomposition; the remainder is burned and destroyed in the process of smoking.

"The sensational statements occasionally made in regard to arsenic, copper, etc., as present in the paper wrappers would be at once seen to be grossly improbable if it were but remembered that the wrapper of a single cigarette weighs little more than half a grain, and that in such a minute quantity of thin, delicate white paper there could be introduced but infinitesimal amounts of such foreign adulterants without their presence becoming perceptible to common observation by the senses, aside from the positive scientific evidence that they are *not* present.

"The simple facts are, that such cigarettes as I have examined, representing a large part of those in general use throughout the United States, are made from pure, light-yellow tobacco of the high grade produced on certain special soils, prominently in certain of the southern counties of Virginia and the adjacent portion of North Carolina, with wrappers of the best quality of harmless vegetable-fibre paper, and are entirely free from the adulterants which it has been asserted are present, with no evidence in favor of such assertion, and in absolute contradiction of the scientific evidence actually available."

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is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with **Pepsalt** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.

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THE BATTLE OF CABAÑAS.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

OFF MATANZAS, CUBA, *Friday, May 13, 1898.*

THE battle of Cabañas has been fought and won, and the date of that victory goes down in history as that on which American soldiers first put their feet upon the soil of a European enemy. The First Regiment of United States Infantry furnished the one hundred-odd men who took part in this expedition; the navy assisted to the extent of one boat's crew, which brought off the last man from shore. One Spanish officer was killed, one Spaniard taken prisoner, and many wounded in the ranks of the enemy, but the forest was so dense that it was impossible to say with precision how many. This much we know, however, that fifty United States regulars, who had never before been under fire, were suddenly charged by a force of Spanish cavalry at least three times as great; that our infantry stood up to them like brave men and well-trained soldiers, held their own until the gun-vessels came to their assistance, finally drove the enemy from the field, and thus made possible a mission important as well as dangerous.

Captain Dorst had orders to bring to Cuba three members of the Insurgent Commission, who were to assist in opening communication with the rebels of the interior. For this purpose a steady but slow old paddle-boat was chartered, and loaded with fifty mules, ten horses, several thousand rifles, and one hundred-odd men of the First United States Infantry, who had just arrived from San Francisco. The hold was full of other useful cargo.

Ours was the worst boat that could have been chosen for such a mission, because she made a most expansive target, and was fit neither to fight nor to run away.

We carried a Cuban pilot who knew the whole coast well—at least we thought he did.

On the morning of Thursday, May 12, we steamed within easy gun-range of the Havana forts, and leisurely inspected their shore batteries, the light-house, Morro Castle, and the half a dozen churches that stand up from amidst the roofs of the town. The name of our vessel was broadly marked upon our paddle-boxes, and even if the letters were not visible, the boat has been so many years in the passenger trade between New Orleans and that port that with the naked eye every one on shore could readily say that this was the *Gussie*, with a landing party for the insurgents. There was nothing underhand about this trip. We might easily have landed at night or in the gray of the morning, but that did not suit. We wanted the Spaniards to understand that our ramshackle paddle-boat was invulnerable, and our troops invincible—and if we did not succeed, then the fault is with Spain.

So careful were we to do the polite, that the commander-in-chief of the expedition announced his plans before leaving Tampa, so the press of Madrid had full information of it long before we could arrive at our landing-place.

We were towed out of Key West Harbor by the tug of a newspaper syndicate, which tug, by-the-way, kindly lent its assistance to the military and naval forces of the United States in this undertaking, asking nothing in return save the first and fullest news of every step in this secret mission, to the end that the same was sent first to Spain, and then cabled back to General Blanco.

The secrecy of this mission was so conspicuous a feature of the original programme that I lay perhaps more stress upon it than it deserves. When I was allowed to join at Tampa, it was under the vow of absolute secrecy; with the assurance that I was to be the only non-combatant aboard, saving Mr. Zogbaum, the distinguished war artist. The programme was observed better than some might have expected, for by the time we got clear we found that we had on board the *Gussie* only five correspondents of other papers. On the two tugs, which stuck to us all the way, the papers represented were probably not more than twenty-five.

I am inclined to think, therefore, that for secrecy this expedition beats anything hitherto attempted in warfare. We would have inserted an advertisement of the hour at which we intended to land in one of the Havana papers; but this proved unnecessary, because there is an excellent heliograph service all along this coast, and a wide-awake coast-guard patrolling it from end to end. We had obviously done all that the most exacting Spaniard could demand by way of inviting him to cut the expedition to pieces, and were ready now to let the curtain go up on the first scene in a grand spectacular pantomime.

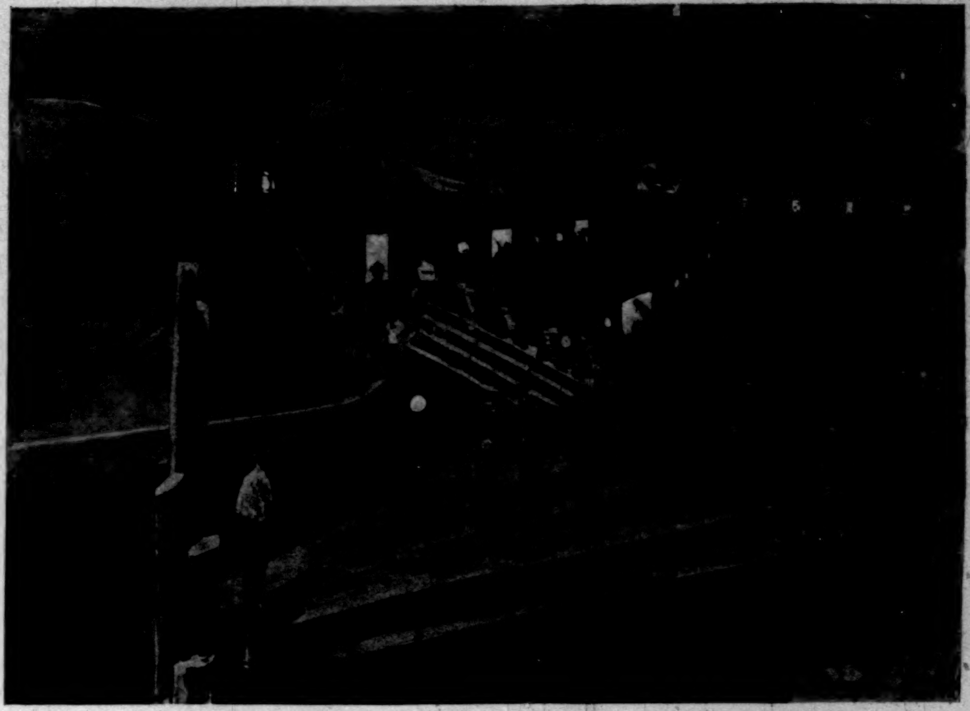
Captain Dorst is our chief—a man of the cavalry type, who is familiar with Continental armies, and has attended the best cavalry manœuvres in the world—those of Austria. He has seen real war in Greece and Turkey, to say nothing of our own wars with red Indians. He has travelled in Mexico as no other man living would dare to do, living amongst the people, and gathering for the intelligence department of the army most valuable material. Captain Dorst has done more things well than most men of his age, and now that he has fought the battle of Cabañas with a combined naval and military force, he deserves an amphibious sort of rank—half commodore, half colonel.

At exactly noon of the memorable 12th of May, 1898, our forces steamed close to the beach near the port of Mariel, with the idea of landing at that point. There were, however, already several hundred Spaniards there, as though by special appointment, amongst them several on horseback, who galloped down to the beach and commenced to shoot at us in a perfunctory manner. The soldiers on top of the hill walked about as though on the piazza of a summer hotel, until one of our escort exploded a bomb in the middle of them. We saw none of them again.

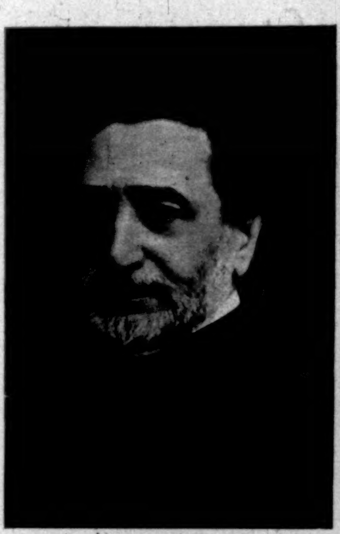
Our escorts were two little screw steamers, one a converted yacht, now named the *Wasp*, and intended as a despatch-boat or a blockader. Her men were good marksmen with their light artillery. The *Manning* also helped us. She is a revenue-cutter, and her crew need practice in target-shooting. They were very useful to us, however, for, badly as they shot, the Spaniards did worse.

We did not land at this particular place, because our object was to enable the three Cuban members of the Patriotic Committee to escape in secrecy. Of course the Spaniards had gathered on shore to welcome these patriots after their own fashion, and we therefore steamed slowly away from them, seeking another landing-place where our traditional secrecy could be more rigorously observed.

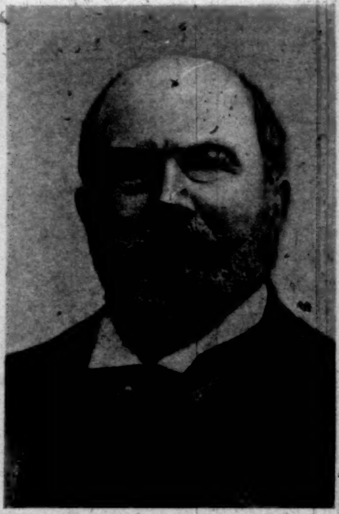
We at last got beyond the rifle-bullets of the pursuing cavalry, and decided to make a landing at the entrance of the bay of Cabañas. Our Cubans informed us that there was within a mile or two of us a Spanish garrison numbering about two thousand men. This decided us to



THE "GUSSIE" EXPEDITION—FIRST EMBARKATION OF U. S. TROOPS FOR CUBA, AT PORT TAMPA, MAY 11.
DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.



SEÑOR SAGASTA,
President, Council of Ministers.

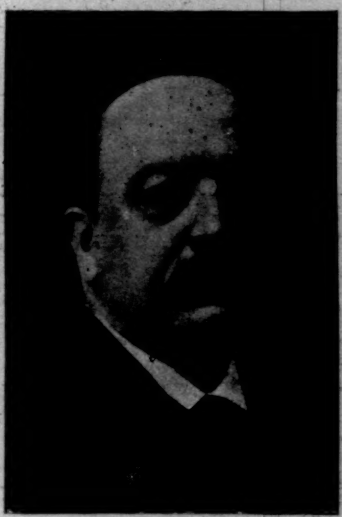


SEÑOR CASTILLO,
Foreign Affairs. (Acceptance in doubt.)

SEÑOR CORREA,
War.

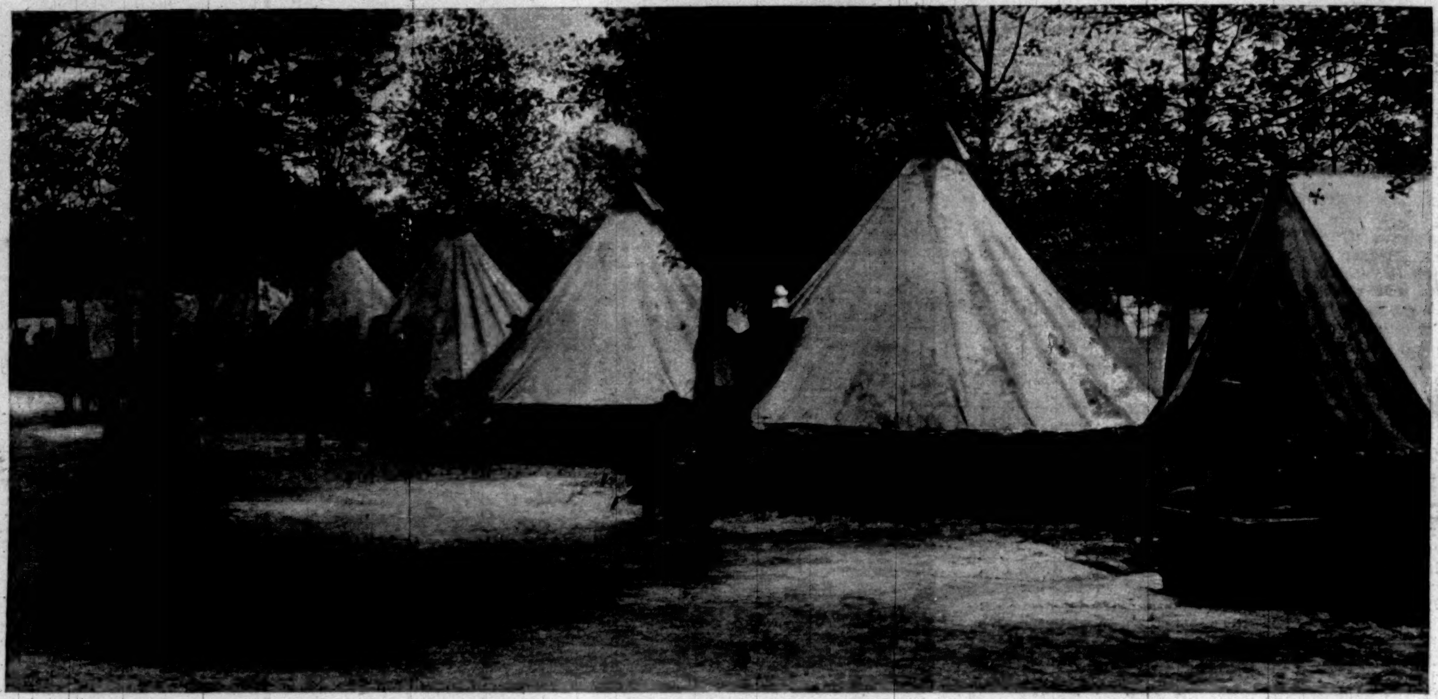
SEÑOR LOPEZ PUIGCERVER,
Finance.

SEÑOR GROIZARD,
Justice.



SEÑOR CAPDEPON,
Interior.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW SPANISH CABINET.



STREET OF LIGHT-BATTERY A; 1ST REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARD OF MISSOURI, AT CAMP STEPHENS, JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MISSOURI.

Photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

land. It would have been altogether too tame an affair to have brought troops all this distance and not give them a little amusement for their trouble. The place further commended itself to us by having a string of coral reefs the whole length, with heavy surf breaking violently upon all points of it. This promised splendid sport in the way of capsizing and ducking to all who sought a landing, and therefore we selected it. All the conditions for a secret and safe landing were now met. The whole of Cuba was on the lookout for us; a Spanish garrison was close by; the enemy's cavalry was already in motion toward us. It was nearly three of the afternoon, so we started a couple of boat-loads ashore.

Now ordinary commanders would have tried to find out whether there might not be an ambush in the thick shrubbery that grew close to the water's edge; a few volleys distributed along the line of our proposed advance would have established some certainty on this point.

But that, on the other hand, would have told the Spaniards that we were employing cautious methods; they might have concluded that we were suspicious of them. That would not have been in harmony with our previous behavior, so two of our boats were lowered, and with about half a dozen fighting-men in each, the invasion of Cuba commenced.

Together the two boat-loads were not much more than sufficient to intimidate the neighboring garrison; but, as though to emphasize still further the courtesy of our nature, one of the boats landed about a mile beyond the other. Both boat-loads were dumped out into the surf up to their armpits, and the whole lot of them could readily have been shot to pieces had half a dozen Spaniards been on hand half an hour earlier.

In the course of twenty minutes fifty of the First Infantry, commanded by Captain O'Connell, commenced to look about them in the dense tropical forest, and soon found themselves attacked by a Spanish force, estimated by those in the battle as anywhere between fifty and five thousand.

The sound of cracking rifles was ominously dense to us on board of the transport. The nasty little bullets went whizzing over our heads and about our ears in a manner to make us wish that our walls were of thick steel rather than of pine. The cordage was cut in several places, but fortunately no one was struck. The men protected themselves as well as they could behind some bales of hay that were on the upper deck, and we all waited anxiously for an opportunity to open fire in aid of our men on shore.

Captain Dorst was as cool as though in a sham fight, and not a man showed any sign of excitement. There was no bugler ashore, and consequently no means of calling the men together. We had no means of knowing how far into the woods their line might extend, and consequently neither we nor the supporting war-ships dared fire until some certainty had been gained on this point.

In this critical moment Captain O'Connell came off from shore in a little flat-bottomed skiff, told us our men were being hard pressed, that a thousand Spaniards were marching up as re-enforcements, and that we must open fire at a point on shore which he indicated. Then our men were happy. The whistling of the enemy's bullets was forgotten in the cheerful volleys that went over into the Spanish ranks from the well-aimed rifles of our men. The range was taken as 600 yards, and we were ordered to aim immediately to the right of the ship's boat which had landed furthest to westward. There were six volleys fired. It seemed twenty; but not one shot scratched that boat. Soon the artillery from the *Wasp* and the *Manning* joined in the attack, and for several minutes there was a din of sharp firing from this combination of army and navy. It sounded like serious work. In the midst of it I could not but think how much it resembled naval-manœuvre operations I had attended in Germany. Few of us, I fancy, realized that this was real war. There were laughing and joking when the Spaniards made particularly bad shots, and our antiquated paddler came in for a deal of chaff regarding its invulnerability and other war-like virtues.

But beneath it all there was some very considerable relief when the Spanish fire ceased, and we felt that for the moment at least there was breathing-space.

Meanwhile the three horses for the three Cubans had with difficulty been tumbled overboard and made to swim ashore. They remained bunched together on the beach, in extreme surprise at the vicissitudes in their life. They finally settled down to munching something green within reach, while the bullets played freely about them.

Now, however, arose another embarrassment. Our Patriotic Commission did not like the notion of starting out into a Cuban forest whose population at that time appeared to be made up mostly of Spanish cavalry, who always hang Cuban patriots, because it costs more to shoot them. They all three said they would cheerfully postpone their proposed patriotic excursion until another day.

Captain Dorst had no sympathy with their reasons. On the contrary, he helped saddle their horses, and started them westward along the beach, while the woods within twenty yards of them were thick with those who sought their life.

But our leader acted with method. He calculated that the Spaniard would do nothing of an energetic nature at

GOVERNOR LON V. STEPHENS, OF MISSOURI, AND MISS STEPHENS, AT CAMP STEPHENS, JEFFERSON BARRACKS.

Photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.

that particular moment, and so it proved. The re-enforcements were all frightened back by the volleys from the water. Not a single Spaniard showed himself upon the beach during the whole battle. How many we killed no one knows, for the Spaniards were much concealed in the bushes, and those who may have fallen were not subsequently hunted up. Our transport was anchored within rifle-range, and it was our business to get away just as soon as our mission had been successfully accomplished.

Our trophies consisted of the cockade and machete of a Spanish officer who was shot from his horse by Private Metzler of E Company. This was no stray shot, for Private Metzler is known as one who does not waste his powder. One prisoner was captured, and he has become quite a pet amongst the men. The first day he would eat nothing, for fear of being poisoned. Now he eats more than any two others on board, and tells cheerfully all he knows, which is practically nothing.

At twelve o'clock noon the first fire opened upon us, and at six o'clock Captain Dorst brought the last boat-load off from shore. Those six hours were anything but dull. We all breathed more easily when the men had all been mustered and it was found that all were present and unharmed. Captain O'Connell, a grandnephew of the great agitator, pronounced it little short of miraculous that the whole command had not been massacred while getting off through the surf. Captain O'Connell is an Irishman by birth, who served in the civil war, and rose from a sick-bed to take part in this invasion.

I could not but be struck by the fact that it should be an Irishman to lead the first American troops against the country of the most Catholic monarch of all Christendom.

Next day we smashed two shore batteries and a martello fort near Banes, about twenty miles from Havana. And this sort of thing we can keep up indefinitely.

Any old tub like the *Gussie* is just as good for this sort of work as the biggest battle-ship afloat. We have seen that the mere presence of her walking-beam causes military movements ashore, involving loss of life and waste of ammunition out of all proportion to the amount expended on our side.

By all means, let us buy up all the old *Gussies* along our coasts and set them paddling up and down these shores, after the fashion of modern vikings.

If they do half as well as Captain Dorst, we shall soon have all the Spanish ammunition at the bottom of the sea, and the survivors of the Spanish army suing for a truce.

But to do this sort of thing well, you must, like Captain Dorst, keep your plans a profound secret.

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—*War Anecdote in Daily Paper.*

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In the un-Pacific sea,
Stood a gunner with his mad up
Just as far as it could be—
Stood a gunner brave and ready
For the hated enemy.

Near the Isles of Philopena
Raged the battle all the morn,
And the plucky Spanish sailors
By the shot and shell were torn;
And the flag that floated o'er them
To oblivion was borne.

Every cannon belched projectiles,
Every cannon breathed forth hell,
Every cannon mowed the foeman
From the deck into the swell,
When amid the din of battle
Rang the silvery breakfast-bell.

"Stop your shooting! Come to breakfast!"
Cried the gallant Commodore.
"After eating we will let them
Have a rousing old encore.
Stow your lanyards, O my Jackies;
Let the cannon cease to roar."

Then upspake the fighting gunner:
"Dewey, don't, I beg of you.
What's the use of drinking coffee
Till we've put this scrimmage through?
If there's any one who's hungry,
Won't this Spanish omelet do?

"Farragut would not have done it
When through Mobile Bay he sped.
Why then, Dewey, should we breakfast
Till we've plunked 'em full of lead?
Let our motto be as his was—
Damn the fishballs! Go ahead!"

J. K. B.

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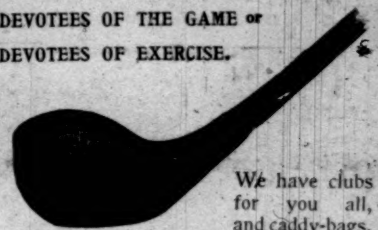

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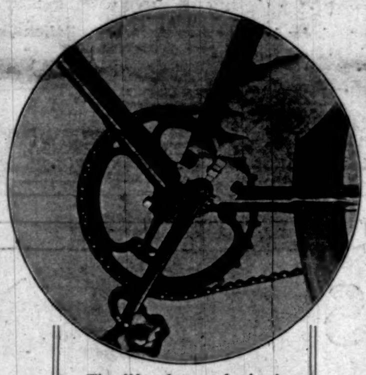

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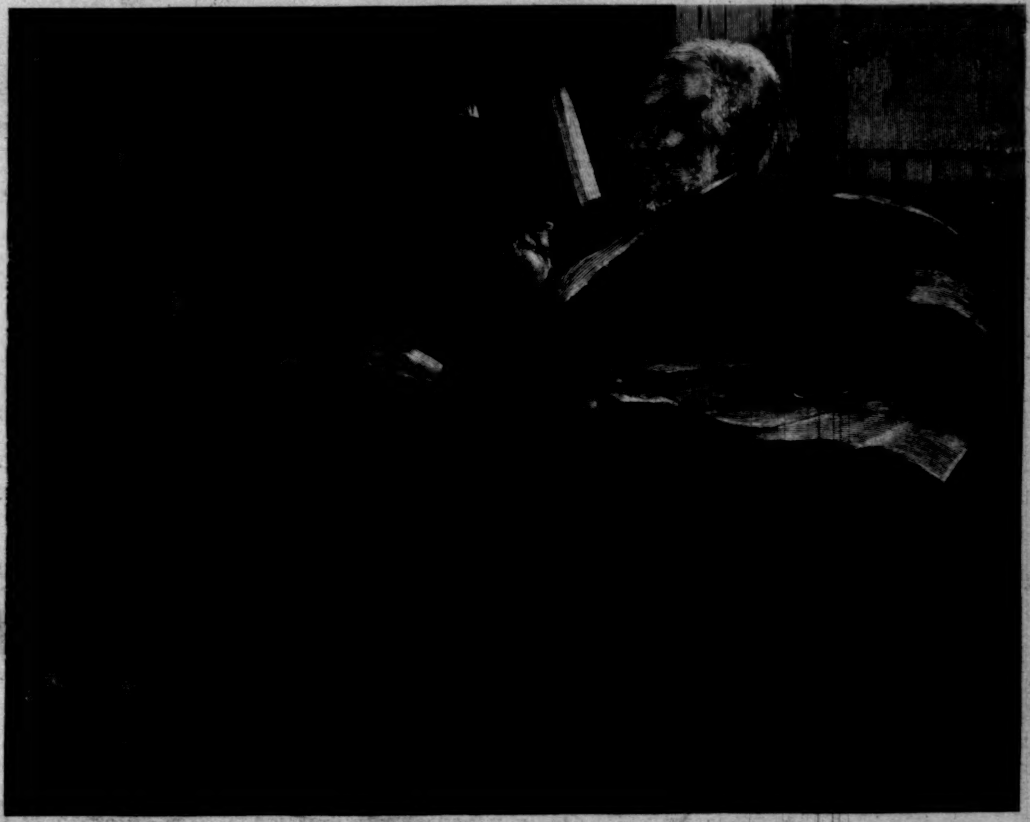


WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone sprang from the great middle class of Great Britain. The family was of Scotch origin—"Gledstanes" of Clydesdale. Mr. Gladstone's father, a very wealthy merchant of Liverpool, possessed all the restless vigor and keen enterprise of the Scottish race, and the Premier was always "thankful to remember that the blood which ran in his veins was exclusively Scottish." He was born December 29, 1809, was educated at Eton and at Oxford, and at the university won considerable reputation as a debater and as a writer. As a debater he was marked by the thoroughness of his information, the clearness and symmetry of his statements, and an overpowering earnestness of manner. He came from the university in 1831, at the age of twenty-two, and travelled for some months on the Continent, particularly in Italy, whence his letters are interesting, though a trifle pedantic. He was recalled to enter political life, and, by the friendly interest of the Duke of Newcastle, was returned from Newark in 1832, having not yet completed his twenty-third year. Mr. Gladstone's father had been the intimate friend of Canning, and the son enlisted under the banner of Conservative principles. His address to the electors was a curious preface to the career that was to follow it. It warned them against "that unenquiring and indiscriminate desire for change amongst us which threatens to produce, along with partial good, a melancholy preponderance of mischief"; it declared "the duties of governors to be strictly and peculiarly religious," and it opposed "immediate emancipation, whether with or without compensation," in the West Indies. In his speeches he opposed the abolition of taxes upon knowledge, since such taxes not only assisted the revenue, but tended to prevent too great circulation of bad matter.

In the House of Commons, the most splendid and the most trying arena for intellectual combat in modern times, Mr. Gladstone made a favorable impression from the first. In 1834, on the fall of the Melbourne ministry and the accession of Sir Robert Peel, he was appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury. His utterances in his second canvass already showed a marked advance in the firmness and force of his mind. He was, of course, still Conservative, but he declared, "Concerning the reform of actual abuses, whether in church or state, I regard it as a sacred duty—a duty at all times, and certainly not least at a period like this, when the danger of neglecting it is most clear and imminent—a duty not inimical to true and determined Conservative principle, nor a curtailment or modification of such principle, but its legitimate consequence, or rather an actual element of its composition." Here is the key-note of his character. He would, to "conserve" what he thought was right, reform all that he thought wrong, and he might have closed his long career with this declaration.

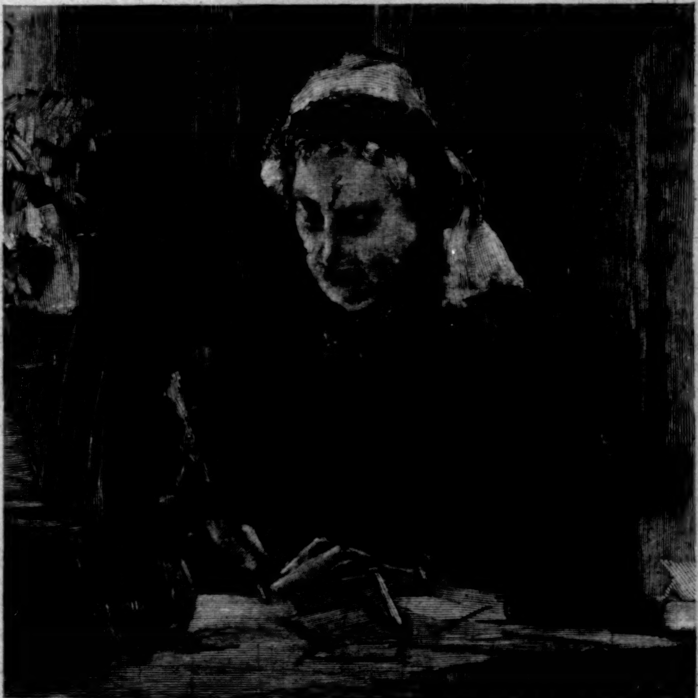
The Peel ministry was almost immediately overthrown, and, curiously enough, on a question connected with the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and Mr. Gladstone reentered opposition, to remain for six years. During this interval he made his first brilliant success as an orator, in a defence of the slave-owning planters of the West Indies, and crossed swords with Macaulay. The Whig ministry fell again in 1841, and Mr. Gladstone received from Sir Robert Peel, on his succession to power, the appointments of Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. In the canvass following the appeal to the country, Mr. Gladstone declared that there were two points upon which the British farmer might rely—first, that adequate protection would be given to him; second, that it would be given him through the sliding scale. Within five years the corn laws were to be abrogated, and free trade was to be begun under a law framed substantially by Mr. Gladstone himself. It may be mentioned at this point that in July, 1839, Mr. Gladstone married Miss Catherine Glynne, the daughter of Sir Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, by whom he has had eight children, four of them sons. His eldest son, William Henry Gladstone, is a member of the House, and enjoys much influence; the second, Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, is Rector of Hawarden.

It was in March, 1842, that Sir Robert Peel made the first step toward the revolution in the fiscal and commercial policy of England, in a bill for the revision of the tariff, which was almost wholly the work of Mr. Gladstone. On that gentleman fell the burden of its defence, and in the long debates which ended with its passage he spoke no less than 129 times, often for hours together. In 1843, Mr. Gladstone was made President of the Board of Trade, and carried through measures requiring the railways to give greater accommodations to working-people at low rates. In 1845 he resigned from the ministry for what, even in him, was regarded as a refinement of conscientious scruple, namely, in order to study, unbiassed by official responsibility, the question of the Maynooth grants—increased grants proposed by the ministry to a Catholic college. He ultimately supported the measure, as well as others showing a marked tendency to a liberal treatment of the question of church and state. He re-entered the government as Colonial Secretary, under Sir Robert Peel, in 1846, but without a seat in the House, the Premier's announcement of the intended repeal of the corn laws having induced him to resign his seat from Newark, the patron of which, the Duke of Newcastle, was a strong protectionist.

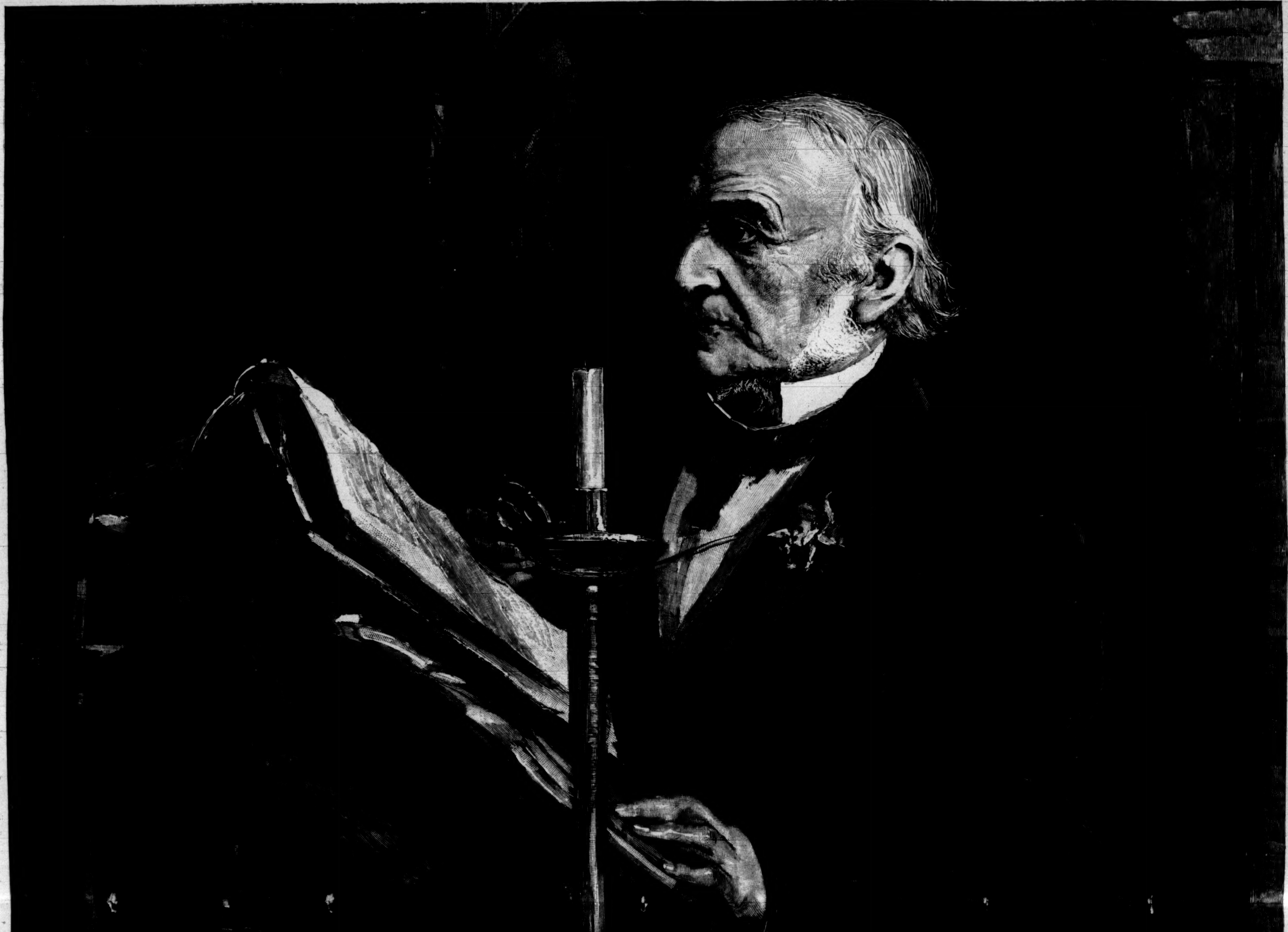
In 1847 Mr. Gladstone was elected to the House of Commons from the University of Oxford, on the distinct issue involved in the Maynooth grants, namely, that the intervention of the state in religion could not fairly be confined to one belief. In the session that followed he sustained the admission of Baron Rothschild to Parliament, and in the following year the bill for the establishment of diplomatic relations with the court of Rome.

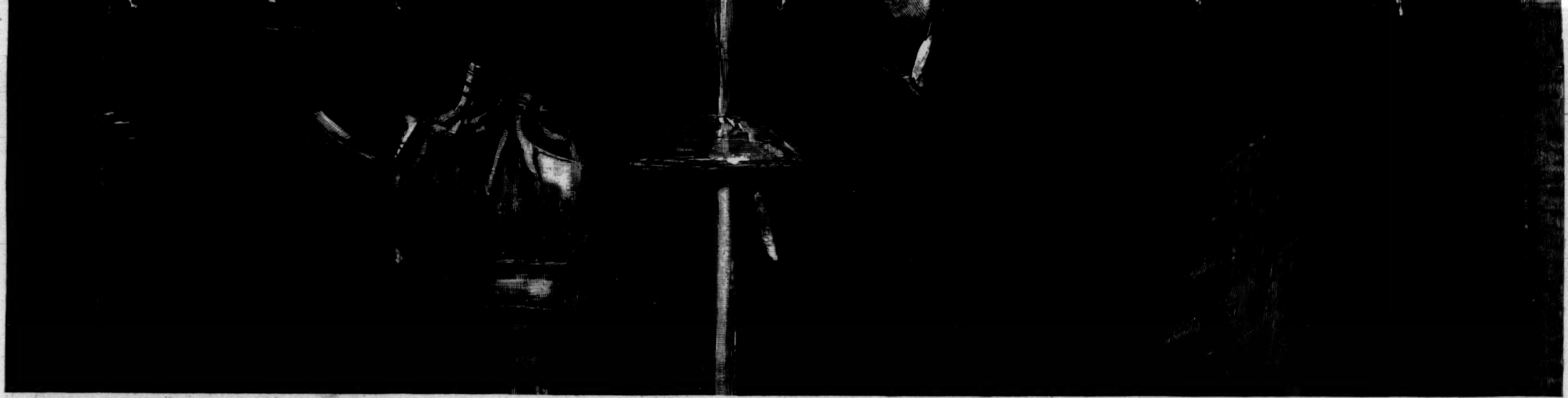
From 1847 to 1853 Mr. Gladstone passed through a period of transition. After the accession of the Whig ministry, in the former year, he remained in semi-independence, in company with the "Peelites," until the death of Sir Robert, in 1850, and in the next two years fully severed his connection with the Tory, or Conservative, party. During the years 1850 and 1851, by a series of letters addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen on the condition of the Neapolitan prisons, he prepared public sentiment, not only in England, but upon the Continent, to greet with favor the insurrection of Garibaldi which drove the King of Naples from his throne, and opened the way to Italian freedom and unity. Nothing in his long and brilliant career reflects more honor upon his character, and there are no more splendid examples of his fervid and sustained eloquence than these letters.

In 1853, the Derby ministry having been defeated on the budget measures of the year before by the scathing exposure of their weakness by Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Aberdeen formed a ministry, in which Mr. Gladstone succeeded Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He began his career in this office, in which he won the greatest distinction of any Englishman since Pitt, with a brilliant exposition of his policy, looking toward the ultimate reduction of taxation, the greater freedom of trade, and the gradual diminution of the crushing load of national indebtedness. His plans were interrupted by the Crimean war, in regard to which the most notable feature of his course was the firm stand he took and successfully maintained for the payment of the expenses of the war as they accrued, and against borrowing. The policy of the war itself he never heartily approved, and it is probably true that he weakened the government, some of the members of which, according to Mr. Kinglake, regarded him as "a good man in the worst sense of the term." There is not space in this article to follow the intricate tangle of the changes which took place during the war, and which resulted, before its close, in the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and other Peelites. Mr. Gladstone remained in opposition until 1859, and though very active on all the questions of the time, devoted much attention to purely literary labor. He resumed office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Palmerston ministry in 1859, and retained the position for seven years. His administration of the finances was extremely brilliant. He sanctioned the commercial treaty with France negotiated by Mr. Cobden, which was one of the most substantial triumphs of the free-trade principle in this generation. He extended the freedom of trade in many other directions, notably by the repeal of the import duty on paper, which, with the repeal of the domestic tax, brought on a conflict with the House of Lords, in which Mr. Gladstone successfully maintained the right of the Commons. He reduced many forms of internal taxation, and made a beginning of the payment of the national debt, with which no finance minister before



MRS. GLADSTONE.





MR. GLADSTONE READING THE LESSONS IN HAWARDEN PARISH CHURCH.

THE NEW HAWARDEN CASTLE.

him had dared to grapple. His various speeches in presenting and defending the budgets were unique in the history of the House of Commons. They united lucidity of statement and close and solid reasoning with such a wealth of happy illustration, so fervent an advocacy of broad general principles, and such fascinating earnestness of appeal, that they held the House from the first moment to the last.

It was during this period, in 1862, that Mr. Gladstone made the lamentable error of stating in a public speech that Jefferson Davis had already succeeded in making the Southern States an independent nation. It was an inexplicable and inexcusable blunder, and one which he lived to regret, but never adequately explained.

In 1865 he lost his seat from Oxford, that highly Conservative constituency viewing with alarm the advancing liberality of his opinions in regard to the Established Church, particularly in Ireland. He was immediately elected from South Lancashire, and on the death of Lord Palmerston became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the ministry of Earl Russell, and remained so until that ministry fell in its attempt to carry an electoral reform bill in 1866. During the three years that followed, under the Disraeli ministry, Mr. Gladstone became the virtual leader of the Liberal party in the country, and when that party returned to power in 1869 he was called to the post of Prime Minister. His ministry has very aptly been described as the "golden era of Liberalism" in England. Mr. Gladstone was near the zenith of his power, and in the very prime of his splendid abilities. Mr. Gladstone's control of the government at this time, was distinguished by the following measures, any one of which might well have made it famous: the disestablishment of the Irish Church; the Irish Land Act, which introduced a radical change in the tenure of land in Ireland, and, for the first time in English history, limited the right of ownership in the soil; the School bill, which gave discretion to local school boards to enforce attendance upon schools; the abolition of the practice of purchasing commissions in the army, a measure which, owing to the obstinate resistance of the Lords, was carried out by means of a royal warrant; the abolition of religious tests for the admission of lay students to the universities, a law which for the first time opened Oxford and Cambridge to dissenters; the establishment of the ballot, by which a severe and ultimately fatal blow was administered to the control of votes by landlords and employers; and finally the negotiation and execution of the Treaty of Washington, by which the claims of the United States arising from the depredations of the Confederate cruisers were submitted to arbitration and peacefully adjusted—the most remarkable instance in history of the settlement of a bitter international dispute without resort to arms. No reasonable student of history can deny that this is a record without parallel in the chronicles of English statesmanship, or fail to acknowledge the immense claim which it establishes for Mr. Gladstone as the greatest of modern English leaders, if not, indeed, considering all things, the greatest of any era.

But, powerful as was the sway of Mr. Gladstone over the minds of his countrymen, he could not continuously hold them to the level of his own lofty aspirations. In 1873 they tired—literally—of his rule, and Mr. Disraeli returned to power. Mr. Gladstone resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, and, as far as his restless energy would admit, withdrew from political activity; but he necessarily remained a vigilant observer and a caustic critic of his great rival, between whom and himself the antagonism was deep and intense. In 1880 he again entered the arena. Lord Beaconsfield had for the previous five years made an unbroken series of appeals to the prejudice and vanity of Englishmen. His greatest effort had been in the field of foreign affairs, where he had sought ostentatiously to restore the prestige which England once enjoyed. He was confident of success before the country, and when Mr. Gladstone, then past seventy years of age, began his canvass in Midlothian, the hopes of Liberalism were at a low ebb. Nothing in his career, however, afforded more signal evidence of his extraordinary vigor. He attacked Lord Beaconsfield on his chosen ground. In a series of elaborate addresses, marked by all his old-time eloquence and fervor, and by even more than his former acuteness and skill in controversy, he practically took the burden of the contest on his own shoulders, and at the moment when the press of London, with the clubs and "society," were predicting for him a melancholy ending of his career by defeat in a struggle which they had reminded him he ought to have avoided, he won one of the most brilliant victories of his long life.

The period of power upon which Mr. Gladstone now entered was an extremely trying one for him. Its most marked feature was the passage of the bill for the extension of the franchise, which was carried through in 1884. The essential feature of this measure was the granting of the franchise to the counties on the same terms previously existing in the boroughs. The addition to the electorate thus produced was 66 per cent., or from 3,000,000 voters to 5,000,000, an increase immensely greater than any that had ever been proposed.

Mr. Gladstone's trials, however, were severe, in spite of the sweeping triumph involved in the franchise reform. Probably those arising from foreign affairs were the most troublesome for him to deal with. He was not fitted by nature for this kind of work, and Lord

GLADSTONE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Granville, to whom the Foreign Office was given in charge, though an able and popular man, was not well fitted to guide. Indeed, his radical principle of conduct was that the entire policy of the government should command the assent of all the members of the ministry, and the ministry of the day was not a homogeneous body. The rock on which the government was wrecked was the Egyptian affair, which Mr. Gladstone has never satisfactorily explained. The bombardment of Alexandria, and the events that followed were a clear violation of the "self-denying" agreement made by the powers in conference, and many of Mr. Gladstone's most devoted followers were alienated by it. Then came the troubles in the Sudan, the tragic death of General Gordon, and the wavering policy of the the government. The discontent in Parliament increased, and in June, 1885, the Gladstone